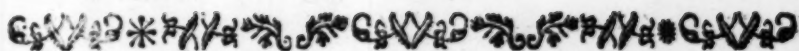


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A

COLLECTION

OF THE BEST

MODERN POEMS.



THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

COLLECTION



MODERN FORMS

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

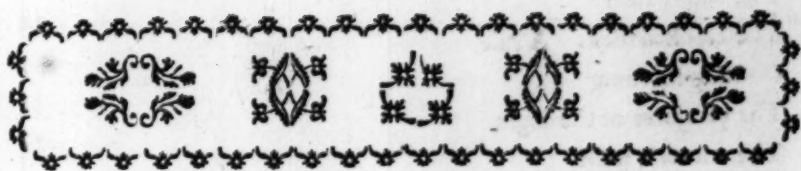
A
COLLECTION
OF THE BEST
MODERN POEMS.



PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCCLXXI.

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A
COLLECTION
OF *50*
MODERN POEMS.

The Pig. A Tale.

SOME husbands on a winter day,
Were met to laugh their spleen away;
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their comforts to the skies.
Obedient wives are seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own,
Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, and word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand Seignor's over his Sultanas.
For pride, or shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the discourse, but one.
Who vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career.

'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,
 What! all so absolutely sway?
 In England! where Italians wife
 Have plac'd the women's paradise?
 In London! where the sex's flow'r
 Have of that Eden fix'd the bow'r?
 Fie! men of sense to be so vain,
 You're not in Turkey nor in Spain,
 True Britons all; I'll lay my life,
 None here is master of his wife.

THESE words the general fury rouse,
 And all the common cause espouse;
 Till one with voice superior said,
 (Whose lungs were foundier than his head)
 I'll send my footman instant home,
 To bid his mistress hither come;
 And if she flies not at my call,
 To own my pow'r before you all,
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
 As Sh——k, or as Socrates.

HOLD there——replies th' objector fly,
 Prove first that women never lie;
 Else words are wind—to tell you true
 I credit neither them nor you;
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you severally that boast,
 A supper at the loser's cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
 A trick I'll tell you by and by;
 Send straight for every wife quite round,
 One mother's daughter is not found,
 But what before her husband's face
 Point blank his orders disobey.



To this they one and all consent,
The wager's laid, the summons went.

MEAN while he this instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is t'invite
These friends to a boil'd pig to-night.
The commoner the trick has been,
The greater chance you have to win;
The treat is mine if they refuse,
But if they boil it then I lose.

THE first, to whom the message came,
Was a well born and haughty dame;
A saucy independent She,
With jointure, and with pin-money,
Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,
Without a separate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear,
Half thro' her husband's messenger,
But cut him short—with, How dare he,
'Mong pot-companions mention me?
He knows his way (if sober) home,
And if he wants me, let him come —

THIS answer, hastily return'd,
Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd,
For each one thought his wife, on trial,
Would brighter shine by this denial.

THE second, was a lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress and play,
To spark it in the box or ring,
And dance on birth nights for the king;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.
She hearing of her husband's name,
Tho' much a gentlewoman, came;

When half inform'd of his request,
A dish, as he desir'd it, drest,——
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
(Without enquiring what it was)
You can't sure for an answer look——
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her tea.
So said, that minute out she flew——
What could the slighted husband do?
His wager lost, must needs appear;
For none obey that will not hear.

THE next, for housewifery renown'd,
A woman notable was own'd,
Who hated idleness and airs,
And minded family affairs;
Expert in every thing was she,
At needle-work, or surgery:
Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
From richest cordials to small beer;
To serve a feast she understood,
In English or in foreign mode
What e'er the wanton taste could choose,
In kickshaws, sauces, or ragoos;
She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guest to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus:
To-night these friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a smile, my dear,
Your friends are always welcome here.
—But we desire a pig, and pray
You'll boil it;—boil it! did you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, Sir, than so:

Why, ne'er in any book was yet
 Found such a whimsical receipt:
 My dressing none need be afraid of
 But such a dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those who know no better, spoil it.
 —Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,
 I own, the wager's fairly lost.
 And other wives, besides my love,
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To shew their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch that next him sat,
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat:
 For well he knew his spouse's way,
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey;
 And never yet was in the wrong—
 He told her with a trembling tongue,
 Where, and on what his friends would feast,
 And how the dainty shou'd be drest.
 —To-night, quoth (in a passion) she?
 No, Sir, to-night it cannot be;
 And was it a boil'd pig you said?
 You and your friends sure are not mad.
 The kitchen is the proper sphere,
 Where none but females should appear,
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 Always from mistresses receive.
 Boil it! was ever such an ass?
 I pray, what wou'd you have for sauce?
 If any servant in my pay
 Dare dress a pig that silly way,
 In spite of any whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of doors.

For no such thing, (nay never frown)
Where I am mistress, shall be done.
Each woman wise her husband rules;
Passive obedience is for fools.

THIS case was quickly judg'd; behold!
A fair one of a softer mould;
Good humour sparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleasantry;
So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
Her spouse thought certainly to win;
(Pity such golden hopes should fail)
Soon as she heard th' appointed tale,
My dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in earnest or in jest,
So strange a supper you demand,
Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.

THIS cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.
Thus each deny'd a several way;
But all agreed to disobey.

ONE only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was, and plain.
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for her right.
She made her little wisdom go,
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
A roasting pig I boil'd would have;
And to prevent all pro and con,
I must insist to have it done.

Says she, my dearest should your wife,
Get a nick name to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it, do ;
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For tho' tis boil'd to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not sit at table.
She spoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither lost nor won.
So fairly parted stakes : The rest
Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest,
" Would your wife boil it ? let us see."
Hold there you did not lay with me.
You'll find in spight of all you've boasted,
Your pigs are fatted to be roasted.
The wager's lost, no more contend ;
But take this counsel from a friend :
Boast not your empire, if you prize it ;
For happiest he who never tries it.
Wives unprovoked best obey,
And that you'll find the safest way.
But if your dear once take the field ;
Resolve at first to win or yield ;
For heaven no medium ever gave,
Between a sovereign and a slave.



The Lyar: An Heroic Tale.

REMOTE from cities in a country town,
 There liv'd an honest, but an hapless clown,
 Hap'less indeed! for if report is true,
 Th' unhappy man was wedded to a shrew,
 And what perplex'd th' ill-fated spouse the more,
 He fear'd from reason, that she was a whore.
 How hard his lot! who thus a wife doth wed,
 At once to stun his ears, and load his head.
 How many worthy heads deserve our pity;
 But custom smothers evils in the city.

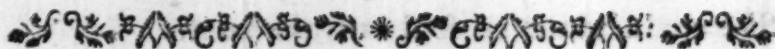
BUT to our tale——The muse each name contrives,

The husband's Jasper, Dorcas was the wife's.
 Each day gallants came swarming to his house;
 Each day she riots her unansw'ring spouse;
 Who feels he suffers by th' unruly dame,
 At home in substance, and abroad in fame.
 He strives to guard his honour, and his cost;
 But gentle admonition is but lost;
 Good words he finds are thrown away in vain,
 Then bad he uses, then but bad again.
 Now fully bent to stop this growing evil,
 He plots to undermine this wily devil;
 Each lover at th' accustom'd hour he watches,
 Fix'd to dismember ev'ry one he catches.
 Fruitless resolve! his bus'ness he neglects,
 And strives in vain to track the wary sex.
 She sends to each gallant her private reasons,
 Why love must be deferr'd to proper seasons.

Thus all the husband's labour'd schemes disjointed,
And thus his cunning aims are disappointed.
Yet so it is, that time or chance betrays
A hundred luckless things, a hundred ways.
'Twas on a day, when bus'ness call'd the clown.
Twenty long miles t' a distant market town,
Abroad he goes, at early morning light,
And bid her not expect him home at night.
Dorcas could ne'er let slip such fair occasion,
But sends a kind gallant an invitation.
He comes, he treats, when she for fresh delight
Dismiss'd one lover, for a new at night.
Mean time jogg'd Jasper, on his hobbling jade,
A second Rosinante, a sorry steed!
Against whose sides full oft the spur was play'd
And cros his buttocks lash repeated laid.
But e'er on's journey he had rode half way,
Tir'd on the road the panting courser lay:
His easy amble having quite forgot,
Nor lash cou'd make him re-assume the trot.
Here then he leaves him, not too good to lose,
And then his journey on his feet pursues.
Now Jasper was on neighbour's errand sent,
To pay his landlord certain sums of rent:
Full fifteen pounds were in his pocket told,
No matter which, in silver or in gold.
True says the proverb, as myself have known,
That one misfortune seldom comes alone.
'Twas so with Jasper, scarce his horse was spent,
But robbers came and robb'd him of his rent.
He would have fought, but thinking, as I'm told,
His bones were his, and that was not the gold:
He gave it calmly up, nor further car'd;
But homeward somewhat pensive back repair'd!

Thus as he travell'd, dusky night came on,
Or dark it was, or lighted by the moon.
But to the muse indulgent pardon show,
She cannot tell you—what she does not know.
But this we're told, that e'er he reach'd his home,
The doleful midnight hour of twelve was come:
Much he's surpriz'd, at such a time to catch
The door unbolted, shutting on the latch.
Dorcas too busy with her lover's charms,
Ne'er thought of doors, but slept within his arms:
Now fell suspicions dart in Jasper's brain,
Tho' glad so opportune he's home again.
He creeps, and listens at the chamber door,
And overhears two sleeping noses snore:
Then from his pocket drew a swinging knife,
Resolv'd to stab the lover, or the wife.
But stopt to think before he ventur'd on,
If aught could better in the case be done.
Now fear usurp'd a place in Jasper's breast,
And thus returning reason doth suggest.
Suppose I wreak my vengeance, then may I
Perhaps for murder on the gallows die;
Or on the lover only, then my wife
Would sooner take away than spare my life.
Or if on both, I know not how to doubt
That proverb, Murder some odd time will out.
Thus reas'ning, vengeance he deferr'd till morn,
Softly retir'd, and stroak'd each budding thorn.
At neighbour's house he spends the latter night,
Home to return before the morning light.
At early day he thunders at his door,
But the gallant was ris'n, and gone before.
From her soft sleep the treach'rous Dorcas wakes,
And thro' the broken pane i' the casement speaks;

As tho' so chaste, in th' absence of her spouse
She could admit no soul into the house.
Who's at the door? pray tell me who you are?
'Tis I, quoth Jasper, I your husband dear.
Then up she gets, seems glad that he is come,
And with a Judas kiss he's welcom'd home.
Jasper most men in temper did excel,
But when provok'd, could wield a cudgel well:
Enrag'd to see his spouse her treachery,
Cries, Dorcas, who to night did with you lie?
None, jealous monster, with a tofs she cries.
And all her temper lightens in her eyes.
Aha! cries Jas. (regardless of her brow)
My loving, faithful spouse, I've caught you now.
Thus fully bent on taming of the shrew,
His words were scarce precedent to a blow.
In's hand he held a knotted taper crab,
With which he smartly lac'd the jilting drab.
Aloud she bawl'd, and begg'd him to refrain,
But still he lash'd, and still she begg'd in vain:
When as it hap'd, in middle of the fray
A brother clown (that chanc'd to pass that way)
Ben was his name, came in to part the strife
And ask'd why Jasper thus abus'd his wife?
Why? Ben, cries Jasper, dost thou ask me why?
Then lash'd again, I've caught her in a lie.
Is lying then alone? quoth Ben, the cause
Of all this noise, and wond'rous waste of blows?
No----not alone, quoth Jasper, honest Ben,
It is because she lies with----other men.



The Leaky Vessel.

HIRCO, an old, but am'rous blade,
Had sometime kept a pretty maid,
Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,
But had as often been deny'd;
Fair promises at first were us'd,
But first with scorn the girl refus'd;
Nor could his coin prevail upon her,
To sell her love, or wound her honour.
Old Hirco thought he ne'er could do't,
And so gave o'er the vain pursuit.

HIRCO had all his life been one,
They call a boon companion;
And in his house had always liquor
To entertain the 'squire or vicar,
From bottled ale to good French claret,
And stout so stale, no head could bear it;
Man's greatest sin he often said,
Was sneaking soberly to bed;
Believ'd that parting dry-lips was
Of Sodom's fire the fatal cause;
Hell's torments he did really think,
Not scorching flames, but want of drink;
He made it plain from sacred writ,
That wine was for the stomach fit;
And therefore he, for conscience sake,
A hearty dose would often take.
But when inflam'd with generous liquor,
His pulse beat high, and blood mov'd quicker:
Then fancy brought into his arms,
His wench dress'd up in all her charms;

Her ruddy cheeks, her well-turn'd nose,
Her little mouth, her eyes like floes;
Her less'ning shape, her swelling bubbies,
Her lily hand, and lips of rubies;
A thousand beauties yet unseen,
That might have tempted saints to sin;
Made Hirco wish he durst renew,
Th' attack he once had made on Sue:
What pity 'tis, he often said,
So sweet a wench should die a maid;
That Sukey should) and who can tell
But that she might) lead apes in hell:
But Sue most bravely had withstood
His first attacks, and call'd him lewd
And filthy beast, and often swore,
She would not stay a moment more,
For all his gold beneath his roof,
If e'er he talk'd his foolish stuff.
Aw'd by her threats old Hirco strove
To banish his ill-fated love.

IT happen'd on a certain night,
That Hirco did some friends invite;
About the time when o'er the nation,
Roast beef and minc'd pies were in fashion.
The sparkling glass went briskly round,
Each toper bravely stood his ground;
And swore, he wish'd that heaven's thunder,
Wou'd strike him dead, if he knock'd under.
The godly p—r—n, who was there,
Said Amen to the hearty prayer.
T' expel the rawness of the beer,
And keep from phlegms their stomachs clear;
Each made a chimney of his nose,
And clouds of smoke around them rose.

The smoke the upper regions gain'd,
And round the brain the cloud remain'd.

BUT now 'twas late, the watchful cock,
Had long since crow'd it twelve o'clock.
And each man thought, though none had grace:
To own it, bed the proper place.

Here one extended on the floor,
In liquor swam, yet call'd for more;
A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,
But at the last went out and spu'd;
Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,
A fourth reel'd round the room, and vow'd,
In spite of Hirco's old October,
G—d da da d—mn him he was sober.

Most of the rest to sleep began,
Amongst 'em there was scarce a man
Had strength, but Hirco and the p—rf—n,
Their stools upright to set their arse on.

With grief the master of the feast
Beheld the state of ev'ry guest;
He wish'd he could with all his heart,
New vigour to 'em all impart;
My friends, said he, come let us cheer up,

And briskly take the other cup;
A plague, what makes you all so dull?

I han't got half a belly full;
Rouse up for shame, my jolly boys,
Be merry, sing, and make a noise;
I've in my cellar now a tub,
Believe me, friends, of charming bub;

To keep it longer would be folly,
I'll pierce it now, and we'll be jolly;
He said, and rising on his legs,
Takes up a piercer, cuts some pegs,

Seizes a tankard; thus equipt,
Down stairs into the cellar slipt.

OLD Hirco's maid, 'twixt hope and fear,
Her master's last discourse did hear.
For though she kept her body chaste,
And love unlawful would not taste,
Yet the poor girl was often dry,
And lov'd good liquor by the bye;
And when old Hirco was without,
She'd to the tub, pull vent-pin out;
And with a straw the cunning gypsy
Would sometimes suck, 'till she was tipsy;
And as she never chose the worst,
This tub had often quench'd her thirst.
But now she found the time was come,
T'acquit her, or pronounce her doom:
Her master now must miss his drink,
Or else, to-morrow, he would think
His crew had, what was missing, drank,
And ne'er mistrust his Sukey's prank:
Not dreaming, that by frequent vent,
The spirit of the beer was spent;
And that 'twould be but poor and flat;
But she, poor soul, ne'er thought of that.

MEAN while the busy honest drunkard,
Had with it fill'd a swinging tankard;
And from the cellar making haste,
Return'd to give his friends a taste.
By right divine, the learned ass
Must on the ale his judgment pass;
He drank a bumper, cry'd, a pox,
This curst beer e'nt orthodox;
Took t'other glass, and shook his head,
O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.

As Hirco's faith was very little,
He never could believe each tittle;
Not ev'n. of what was given out
To be damnation, but to doubt;
Much less he credited a tale,
Which so disgrac'd his choicest ale.

ON sanctity he cast a frown,
Then fill'd a glass and soak'd it down.
But how bewilder'd did he look,
To find that Roger truth had spoke;
He fretted, rav'd, the compass swore,
And curs'd 'till he could curse no more.
The p—rf—n cries, why here's a clatter,
Will swearing, pray now, mend the matter?
The beer I do believe well brew'd,
The fault's the vessel where it stood;
Or else the bung-hole is in fault,
By not being stop'd up as it ought.
Cry'd Hirco, I am either blind,
Or in a moment's time I'll find
The fatal cause of this disaster——
Sukey went down to light her master::
But, Lord! how silly did she look!
Like aspen leaves each member shook,
And she was in such piteous fright,
She scarce had pow'r to hold the light.

MEAN while the don b' his nuckle found,
The barrel gave an empty sound:
Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,
Good God! why, half my beer is gone.
The p—rf—n from above reply'd,
Look under, and on ev'ry side;
I'll hold a crown, if you but seek
About the tub you'll find a leak.

Whilst thus the crafty p—rf—n said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his maid:
Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
Her cheeks were red with flushing blood,
And from her master quick she turn'd.
Cry'd Hirco, Sukey, I'll be burn'd,
If you han't someway been the ruin
Of this my last October brewing;
She trembling on her knees did fall,
Begg'd his pardon, and told him all.
Said he, this tale will make my friends,
For want of liquor, some amends;
I'll up and tell them all, I swear;
For G---d's sake, Sir, said she, forbear;
Lord! is there no way to atone
For such a fault? There is but one
That I can think of, he reply'd;
I've often ask'd, and you deny'd,
A little favour, if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it)
I'll hold my tongue; if you refuse,
I'll up, and out it the story goes.
She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew
Not either what to say, or do.

MEAN while of kissing he'd his fill,
Nor could he keep his fingers still;
One hand upon her bosom lay,
Whilst t'other took a different way;
Then on a faggot pile he laid
The tender, yielding, lovely maid:
The wench was buxom, plump, and fappy,
And fit to make a lover happy.

WHILST they in am'rous transports lay,
The p---rf---n wonder'd at their stay.

And ask'd them what they were about.
 Cry'd Hirco, z——ds, the leak's found out,
 Through which my nectar daily flows:
 Be sure, said Roger, stop it close.
 I'll try, said he, but, on my soul,
 It is a dev'lish swinging hole.



The Merry Monarch; or Knighthood a Jest.

WHEN good king Jemmy wore the British crown,
 A pleasant jest for highest wit went down:
 A pun, a quibble, a conundrum quaint,
 Oft made a bishop of a man no faint.
 Smart repartees pass'd all for sterling coin,
 And wit was then as unrefin'd as wine,
 The king himself, so rest his merry soul,
 Could crack his joke——nor would his mirth controul;
 But laugh full hearty if the jest was keen,
 Nor could the care of kingdoms give him spleen.
 THUS story tells——as he rode out one day,
 To chase the stag, he lost, by chance, his way:
 The courtiers eager, scour the spacious field,
 While duty there did unto pleasure yield.
 Alone king Jemmy, with his usual grace,
 Kept stepping onward in a common pace,
 'Till near two clowns he came, who work'd full hard,
 Hedging a close, behind a farmer's yard.
 They spy'd the king, and from his aukward mien,
 Thought he some needy northern laird had been.

Goed men (quoth he)——and then he made his
bow,

Ken ye the way the nobles rode just now?
My business leads me unto our king James.
I know him not in troth (quoth one)——It seems
He only minds his countrymen, while we
Labour thus hard to furnish out their glee.
Ride on (quoth t'other) man, you'll find him out,
Surrounded by a gaudy Scottish rout:
Fear not thy fortune, Jemmy loves a loon,
And thou'rt some starving knight that wants a boon.

WEEL fare ye (quoth the king) and o' my
weard,

Geud character ye to your prince affeured;
And Ise wat weel, it all gangs to his ear;
Why then (quoth Dick) for once the truth he'll
hear.

So saying, to a grove that lay in sight,
On rode the king, and there thought fit to light;
Out-stretch'd his royal limbs upon the place,
And slept full sweetly on the verdant grass;
No policies of state disturb his mind,
But that good prince snor'd loud as any hind,
Until the chace was o'er, a stag was dead,
When duty found a place in courtier's head:
Nor had the noble train long fought their lord,
Ere fast they found him on the gay green-sword,
Hasty they then from reeking courses spring,
While, with a smile, up-rose the jocund king.

My lords (quoth he) as you rid yonder by,
Did you not, hedging, twa auld Carles spy,
In leather doublets clad?——My liege, we did
(Quoth one)——See then (said he) them hither
lead.

Strait they obey'd, and, as they dragg'd each clown,
Ods me (quoth Dick to Ralph) we're both undone,
Yon man we took for some poor begging knight,
Is the king's grace.——Ods fish (quoth Ralph)
you're right.

We shall be hang'd—what will become of Sue!
She'll pine to death!—And so will Marg'ry too.

THEM at a distance when the monarch spy'd,
He took the whynward from his martial side;
Behind him on the ground its point he stay'd,
As not much caring to survey the blade.
Low on their knees the trembling wretches crawl,
And sweat with fear their heads should lower fall.
Your names (quoth Jemmy) in an angry tone;
Mine is poor Dick—Mine Ralph, a forry clown!
Weel (quoth the king) and gave their necks a strap,
Sir Ralph, Sir Richard, ye may both get up:
Now knights ye are, and o' my soul I ween,
Twa peurer knights in Scotland ne'er were seen.
A loud applause the fawning crowd express'd,
To see two titles go to make one jest.



*The Country Justice.*

SIR John, a country magistrate,
Of good round belly, hob'ling gait,
Well known at ev'ry merry meeting,
Fam'd both for justice and for eating;
Was most severe, as stories tell us,
Against the younger, sprightly fellows:
When frolicsome (for boys are wild)
They chanc'd to get the maids with child;
Would sternly take the cause in hand,
And both the parties reprimand,
With utmost rigor would enforce
The rigid laws that came in course,
Nor ever in the least excuse
That slight *faux pax* so much in use:
And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,
That he himself was sometimes naught;
For by the neighbours was it said,
He was familiar with the maid;
But strangely time brings things about,
As murder some odd time will out:
And so it hap'd, one luckless night,
When love unusual fir'd the knight;
His post so boldly he maintain'd,
The fatal proofs of it remain'd;
For scarce four months were gone and past,
E'er Betty swell'd about the waist;
But warn'd before of this disaster,
The fearful wench inform'd her master;
Who (as it is the sinner's way
To put far off the evil day)

Neglects her till so large it made her,
That to the neighbours it betray'd her.
Now good Sir John began to stir,
And tremble for his character;
Advises Betty, full of care,
The bastard not on him to swear;
That if she'll put disgrace aside,
He'll for the child and her provide.
Betty, whose conscience wond'rous nice is,
Was puzzled in this shameful crisis:
But truth beyond her virtue prizes,
And th' offer secretly despises;
Yet, as her circumstances lay,
Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest way,
Resentment and her thoughts to smother,
And say she'll lay it on another.
The knight thus eas'd, commits each whore,
And scolds with justice as before;
And though oft told of Betty's failing,
Pretends to disbelieve their railing,
'Till time run on, and Betty grew,
So large to each impartial view,
That now the danger was the same,
Against the cautious knight's good name;
When now, to keep his fame, he thought
And order'd Betty to be brought.
The quorum sat, the blushing wench,
In public stood before the bench.
Sir John, who thought himself secure,
Began to thunder out his pow'r,
Demands aloud, who had beguil'd
Th' unhappy maid, and got the child:
The book's held out, who stoops to kiss it,
And if I must disclose whose is it,

She cry'd, that hath my truth beguil'd,
 Sir John was father to the child.
 Now sudden grief, surprize, and shame,
 O'erwhelm the knight, and blast his fame,
 The tale each sland'rous tongue reveals,
 And swells the story as it tells;
 To truth they add a thousand lies,
 And shame increases as it flies.
 Girls now unpunish'd stain the gown,
 And bastards swarm throughout the town.



*The Power of Scolding, a wonderful Tale, by
 Jack Lovefun.*

ON reading o'er your proclamation,
 My pate was fill'd with expectation,
 That something vastly odd would follow,
 Penn'd by the scribblers of Apollo;
 Your book I bought, cut leaves asunder,
 Thought each contain'd some mighty wonder,
 Something poetic and uncommon,
 As how to tame the tongue of woman;
 But after all my plague in hunting,
 The wish'd-for wonder still was wanting.
 Friend Benedict has got a wife,
 Whose hand he took to sweeten life,
 Her father gave her store of gold,
 Her mother learnt her how to scold,
 In this she has such progress made,
 To be quite mistress of the trade:
 Betty one day was washing up
 The china, and she broke a cup,

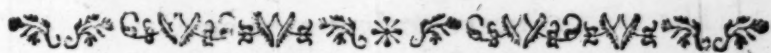
Her lady heard the pieces clatter,
And straight ran in to know the matter;
The broken cup, the mischief showing,
Soon set her wond'rous clack a-going,
It went so very loud and clear,
The servants left the room for fear.
But as they frighten'd ran away,
One touch'd her little lap-dog, Tray,
The cur shriek'd out, she heard the noise,
With double fury rais'd her voice;
The tables, china, chairs and glasses,
All animated, left their places;
Things scarcely mov'd from year to year,
Skipp'd through the room, as if for fear;
The scene was mighty odd and droll,
To see one after t'other roll:
The room near empty, she still scolding,
Stun'd Benedict awhile beholding,
Who begg'd, at last, her tongue she'd stay,
For fear the house should run away:
Just then were stalking through the room,
The mops, the brushes, and long broom,
She took the latter, broke his head,
And laid poor Benedict for dead.
He, motionless, in bloody plight,
Soon put his Peggy in a fright,
Not because she'd her husband lost,
But lest her neck should pay the cost;
Security was needful next,
For which she on this project fixt:
Just o'er his head a ham there hung,
Which had kept motion with her tongue;
On seeing that suspended swing,
And only fasten'd by a string,

She thump't it till it tumbled down,
And laid it by him on the ground.
Then, throwing by the guilty broom,
She ran distracted round the room,
Wringing her cap from off her head,
And screaming out, "He's dead, he's dead!"
The servants heard her speak of death,
Came running in, all out of breath——
Just then to his she laid her cheek,
And, bubbling, cry'd, "My heart will break,
"Ah! cruel ham, thus to destroy,
"My dear, dear husband, life and joy;
"Where is the wretch; O tell me where,
"That plac'd the ham to kill my dear?
"Oh! could I bring him back to life,
"I'd be the kind indulgent wife.
"But that's a wish the gods deny,
"Nor will they with him let me die.
"Since tears of grief for ever must
"Flow from my eyes, I will be just
"To this dear man, nor ever name
"A foible that shall hurt his fame.
"I cannot now a loss sustain,
"That e'er will give me cause for pain;
"Since he is gone I lov'd most dear,
"There's nothing left that merits care."

THIS spoke, she from the room was led,
And straight conducted up to bed;
There fell into a sound repose,
And in the morning early rose;
Sent John to call the mantua-maker,
The mercer, taylor, undertaker:
They soon obey'd the message sent,
Got orders, and away they went,

To make all ready, that were fit,
To lay her husband in the pit.
All things were finish'd in great haste,
And in the coffin he was plac'd;
His wife had fix'd morrow day,
To put his carcase in the clay;
Which certainly had been his fate,
But for the thing I'll now relate;
She told her boy (whose name was Page)
To feed poor Poll, and clean the cage;
He, with the parrot went to play,
And let the pris'ner fly away.
When this was to his mistress told,
She did so stamp! so rave! so scold!
Wish'd things inhuman to the boy,
And vow'd she wou'd the house destroy!
The servants, goods, and what were near,
Absconded, as before, for fear;
The house it shook, the fires blaz'd,
Her husband wak'd, like one amaz'd;
Forc'd from his wooden trunk its lid,
And frighten'd from the prison fled,
Down stairs he ran, got to the door,
His Peggy saw him, scream'd the more,
And quickly would the house have split,
Had not she fell into a fit:
The scolding ceas'd, the servants came,
Wond'ring what had got their dame,
Greatly frighten'd when they found
Her stretch'd and silent on the ground;
Some took her hands, some rais'd her head,
But all concluded she was dead!
Poor Benedict, tho' in his shroud,
Was busiest of the frighten'd crowd,

He ran for water for her face,
 But tumbled down and broke the glafs!
 Whilst this mischance, he was supplying,
 His wife reviv'd, and fell a-crying;
 Astonish'd to behold again,
 A man she had so lately slain,
 Guilt, conscious guilt, now touch'd her heart,
 For acting the tyrannic part;
 Her husband saw her inward pain,
 And said, "My dear, your tears refrain."
 This tender speech so strongly wrought,
 It from her this confession brought,
 "If you, my patient, injur'd love,
 "Will not a guilty wife reprove,
 "My former errors I'll repent,
 "And henceforth be a penitent,
 "As *wife* I'll ever stand in awe,
 "And your commands shall be my law."
 This vow she keeps, has left her airs,
 And *now* her spouse the breeches wears.



The Furniture of a Beau's Mind.

WHEN infants are born, by experience we
 find,
 With ideas so few they're supply'd,
 That Locke has most justly resembled their mind
 To a cabinet empty and void.

A beau and a child may in this be compar'd;
 For his mind wou'd be quite a *charte blanche*,
 If you strive (tho' I own the labour is hard)
 What's trifling and vain to retrench.

First, a set of shrewd hints, inuendos, and flanders,
And lies that he tells with pert face;
A heap of stale phrases, and double entendres,
Without sense to apply them in place.

Some new fashion'd compliments ready at hand,
Which he learns, like a parrot, by rote;
To bully and bluster, with oaths at command,
'Blood, madam, I'll cut the rogue's throat:'

Four jokes and a half from Joe Miller purloin'd;
Six lines out of Hudibras more;
Compose, if you nicely examine his mind,
Of humour and wit his full store.

His learning just serves him to read a new song,
Or chatter a sentence of French; [wrong,
And what though 'em both he pronounces quite
'Tis enough for his barber and wench.

Of Venus, and Cupid, and arrows and darts,
His tongue never ceasing runs on;
"Those eyes, my sweet angel, like swords pierce
our hearts,
"Oh, close them,—or else I'm undone!"

Add these a few scrapes of our modern romances,
From Grandison, Ramble, or Briggs;
Three dozen at least of new country dances,
With minuets, loupes, and jiggs.

O yes! I give notice, if any one know
More virtues than those we have reckon'd;
Let him send us the name and abode of his beau,
To add in edition the second.

Thus accomplish'd a captain, a knight, or a squire,
 How great are his merit and charms;
 See ladies in troops his perfections admire,
 And with extasy spring to his arms.



*The Fair Nun, or Woman an Overmatch for the
 Devil. A Tale.*

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
 Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
 Assert, that souls a tip-toe stand
 On what we call the Pineal Gland;
 As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
 To turn the quicker with each blast.

THIS granted, can you think it strange,
 We all shou'd be so fond to change;
 Ev'n from the go-cart, 'till we wear
 A fatten cap i' th' elbow-chair?
 The follies that the child began,
 Custom makes current in the man;
 And firm by livery and seisin,
 Holds the fee-simple of his reason.
 But still the gusts of love we find
 Blow strongest on a woman's mind:
 Nor need I learnedly pursue
 The latent cause, th' effect is true;
 For proof of which, in manner ample,
 I mean to give you one example.

UPON a time, (for so my nurse,
 Heav'n rest her bones! began discourse;
 A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
 Began to languish with the spleen.

She who had shone at balls and play,
In gold brocade extreamly gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice;
A very prude in half a year;
And most believ'd she was sincere.
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her pray'rs.
Venus, and all her naked loves,
The reformato nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
Not yet content, she cou'd not bear
The rankness of the public air;
'Twas so infected with the vice
Of luscious songs and lovers' sighs.
So most devoutly wou'd be gone,
And strait profess herself a nun.

A YOUTH of breeding and address,
And call him Thyrsis, if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet cou'd, with little thought and care,
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau;
(For fops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour;
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took a proper cue;
And on the wings of love he flies
To lady abbess in disguise;

And tells her he had bought th'advowson
 Of soul and body to dispose on.
 Old sanctity, who nothing fear'd
 In petticoats without a beard,
 Fond of a profelyte and fees,
 Admits the fox among the geese.

HERE duty, wealth, and honour prove,
 Tho' three to one, too weak for love:
 And to describe the war throughout,
 Would make a glorious piece, no doubt:
 Where mortal virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again;
 Love shou'd a bloody myrtle wear,
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
 The nun should charge---But I forbear.

ALL human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the pity!) lasting:
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal.
 But she, poor she, began to doubt,
 (Best knowing what she'd been about;)
 The marriage earnest-penny lay
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
 To lose her life and honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
 Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

BUT as she in her cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The fiend (who never wants address
 To succour damsels in distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd;

But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She shou'd be freed from all her fear;
And with her Thyrsis lead a life
Devoid of all domestic strife,
If she wou'd sign a certain scrawl-----
"Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all."
She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

THE critics must excuse me now;
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers use
Machines, to disengage the muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot loose the knot,
Shou'd we be censur'd? I think not.

THE scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasure who but they?
Who might do ev'ry thing but pray.
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted;
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wav'ring still.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their squeamish appetites will cloy.
And having stol'n from lady abbess
One of our merry modern rabbies,
She found a trick she thought wou'd pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

HIS next attendance happen'd right,
Amidst a moonless stormy night,
When madam and her spouse together,
Guess'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: "To-night, says he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge;

A gouty nine-i'th'-hundred knave:
But, madam, do you want your slave?
I need not presently be gone,
Because the doctors have not done.
A rosy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my last attack;
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties."

THE dame produc'd a single hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear;
Yet this I will affirm is true,
It curl'd like any bottle-screw.
"Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all;
We ladies are fantastical:
You see this hair."---"Yes, madam,"---"Pray,
In presence of my husband stay,
And make it straight: or else you grant
Our solemn league and covenant
Is void in law."---"It is, I own it:"
And so he sets to work upon it.

HE tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion;
But still it kept th' elastic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one,
To kill a witch that will not drown.

"IF I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flourish'd near the water.
'Tis crisp with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it straight again."
In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
"Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms it twirls the more."

He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er, he fancy'd sure enough,
He shou'd not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was: but all in vain;
Again he beats—it curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
“ This hair will take me up an age.”
“ This take an age!” the husband swore,
“ Z—ds, Betty has five hundred more.”
“ More! Take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
’Tis loss of time to ply for you.”



The Royal Cuckold.

IN fruitful Lombardy of yore,
A beauteous prince the sceptre bore;
A prince, who never fail'd to move
Each heart with envy or with love.
As in the glass he did one day
From head to foot himself survey,
Can any man alive, says he
With shape and face compare with me?
Whoe'er shall such a person bring,
Upon the honour of a king,
May claim my favour, and depend
I'll make the charming guest my friend.

A ROMAN knight was standing by,
And made the monarch this reply:
Your majesty, as I perceive,
Is nice in beauty: give me leave

To fetch my brother, and you'll see
None, but yourself, has more than he.
But that may easily be try'd
By what the ladies' hearts decide.
If you think fit he'll gladly share
The pains you take to please the fair;
And may, while you pursue new game,
Solace the poor forsaken dame.
Astolpho answer'd thereupon,
(For so they call'd the royal Don)
Your talk has made me much desire
To know this brother; bring the squire—
The knight to fetch his brother goes;
(Joconde we'll his name suppose.)
Who in the country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd joys in courts admir'd;
Join'd to a young and charming spouse:
But whether blest'd in nuptial vows
With such a mate, he best could tell;
His neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His brother finds him, lets him know,
He instantly to court must go;
Where he'd be sure to get a place,
And make his fortune by his face.
But then alas! this charming wife,
Depriv'd of all the joys of life,
Express'd so movingly her woe,
It griev'd his very soul to go;
Protesting against all relief,
She seems to triumph in her grief,
Puts on her tragic airs, and tries
To draw tears from Joconde's eyes:
And can you leave me? then wept she,
Joconde! so much cruelty?

Ah! will you to my tender care
The pageantry of courts prefer?
Can you forget your faithful wife,
The pleasures of a rural life,
That calm repose and peace of mind,
Which none in crowds nor courts can find,
These flow'ry meads, where purling streams
Softens the soul to pleasing dreams,
These woods which shade us from the heat,
Where birds their various songs repeat;
The rising hills, the winding vales,
And ev'ning's sweet refreshing gales,
Those coy recesses of the grove,
Those seats of innocence and love?
But ah! what should engage your stay,
I fear most hastens you away!
You scorn in solitude to shine,
And flight an easy heart like mine.
Go, cruel man, be vain! and shew
Those charms, which none can boast but you.

WHAT Jocund' offer'd, to abate
Th' affliction of his loving mate,
Our story mentions not: we'll say
His sorrow took his speech away;
A method which will best excuse
The squire, and disengage my muse.
The wife, when now with broken heart
She saw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former blisses,
And stifling him with tears and kisses,
A bracelet gave him, as a charm
To keep his precious life from harm.
Take and wear this, my dear, says she;
And when you see it, think of me.

An honest meaning body might
Have thought she would have dy'd that night.

WELL, Jocund' went; but on the road,
About two leagues from his abode,
The bracelet came into his head,
Which he had left on spouse's bed,
As having taken there his leave;
This strange neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender heart, and gallop'd back,
Not knowing what excuse to make.
To the dear bed in haste he flies;
And on his wife's chaste bosom spies
A lubbard hind; and both so fast
Asleep, as if they slept their last.
Jocund' at first resolv'd they should:—
But having paus'd a-while, thought good
To let this vile adult'ry rest:
And in my judgment that was best.
For in such nice affairs, the wife
Make use of neither ears nor eyes.

WHETHER 'twas wisdom or compassion
With-held the husband's indignation,
Or that the poet was unwilling
To damp a merry tale, with killing;
Base woman live! Joconde said,
Let thy own conscience thee upbraid.
He then took horse, and left the lout
In his wife's arms, to snore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in mind
The couple whom he left behind:
And fretting as he scour'd along,
This was the burthen of his song:
Had some brisk wit or powder'd beau,
Or colonel lac'd from top to toe,

Or page been chosen for her use,
 She might have pleaded some excuse:
 But after fighting, swooning, sobbing,
 Zoons, to debauch that booby Robin!
 Then spur'd his horse with indignation,
 In hopes to leave behind his passion.

SUCH keen reflexions on his case
 Had giv'n the squire a dismal face.
 The ladies, when they saw him, said,
 Lord! is the man alive or dead!
 Is this the beautiful Narcissus
 Was sent for in post-haste, to kiss us!
 Heav'ns, did you ever see a fellow,
 With sides so lank, and face so yellow!
 The king was pleas'd, the knight was blam'd,
 The ladies baulk'd, the squire asham'd.

JOCONDE worn to skin and bone.
 Was yet a comely skeleton:
 And still one easily might trace
 Remains of beauty in his face:
 But wanting life, and force to fire
 The ladies' bosoms with desire.

SAUNT'RING one day about the court,
 In places of the least resort,
 A door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
 That open'd to a gallery;
 And from a private closet there,
 These tender words did over-hear:
 My life, my love, my only joy,
 My dear Courtade, my charming boy!
 Must I then still my vows apply
 To one so lovely and so shy?
 A thousand glitt'ring beaux would fain:
 Do what you may, yet wish in vain.

When Florimel the message brought
You curs'd her, call'd her all to nought;
And heedless of my am'rous rage,
Play'd at Lasqu'net with a page,
Rather than ease the fond desires:
Of her who for your love expires.

JOCOND' was puzzled, and one may
Give any one at least a day
To guess the nymph who humbly su'd
A swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
Now who should this Adonis be
But the king's ugly dwarf! and she,
In whose embraces he was seen,
The bright Astolpho's haughty queen!
The crazy wainscot was but slight,
And at a chink let in the light:
Where Jocond' with amazement saw
These tender lovers through the flaw.

BOTH did on Florimel rely,
To be secure of privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the door,
She too perhaps had an amour,
Which took up all her thought and care;
So mindful of her own affair,
Forgot th'importance of her post,
And heedlessly the key had lost;
Which Jocond' kept for future use,
And pleaded thus his wife's excuse.

I FIND that Cupid makes his jokes
Among the better sort of folks:
A royal dame for love may pine,
And give a monarch brows like mine.
Since such a princess flights the king,
For such an ugly little thing,

I think my wife was less to blame,
Who with a bumpkin quench'd her flame:
Thus having set his mind at peace,
His griefs abate, his charms increase;
His hollow cheeks begin to rise,
Fresh vigour sparkles in his eyes,
A second youth renews his face,
And blooms again in ev'ry grace.
The fair with eager looks pursue
The man they lately scorn'd to view:
Transported with his sudden charms,
And die to clasp him in their arms.
Joconde having heard and seen
What pass'd betwixt the dwarf and queen,
He thought he could on no pretence
Hide this smock-treason from the prince.
But that he might the less displease,
Open'd the matter by degrees;
And as it fell in conversation,
Had always ready some quotation,
To shew that heroes in all ages
Ne'er wanted matrimonial badges.
Dread Sir, says he, the proudest shees
Make frequently such slips as these;
And many dames of regal station
Have condescended to the fashion:
Men, fam'd for courage, wit and sense,
Have against horns found no defence:
But when they had 'em always bore
Their fronts as upright as before.
The day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear spouse to wait on you,
I was convinc'd by her miscarriage,
That cuckoldom is link'd to marriage.

Then did each circumstance relate
Of his, and of the monarch's fate.

THE king was fir'd: You seem, says he,
A man of sense and probity;
Yet, tell me where I may behold
With my own eyes what you have told.
He did; and plac'd him, where unseen,
He saw the dwarf upon the queen.
Struck with the baseness of the crime,
He stood astonish'd for a time;
Then said, Our wives, the more's their shame,
Have play'd us but a scurvy game:
Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
Let us, Joconde, both go travel;
And try what fortune we shall find
Among the rest of womankind.
To put in practice this design,
Change you your name, and I'll change mine.
Great equipage would trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the state of king,
Lay dull formality aside,
And all things equally divide.
Barefoot I round the world will roam,
Quoth Jocond', rather than go home,
All that your majesty requires,
Is what my injur'd heart desires.
We'll ramble, till we have forgot
The dire effects of Hymen's knot.

So be it then, the king reply'd;
But first a table-book provide,
To take the names of those we find
Pliant to our desires, and kind.
It won't be long, I dare engage,
E're Italy fills ev'ry page;

For she that proves to beauty cold,
Will fall by flatt'ry or by gold.

BOTH thus equipt their journey took,
And bought a folio table-book.
The many favours they receiv'd
Were hard to tell or be believ'd;
Each lovely nymph when they appear,
Puts on her most becoming air,
And ev'ry study'd grace displays,
Happy if she obtain a praise;
But happier she, whose killing charms
Attract the lover to her arms.
Hearts hard as stone, and cold as ice,
Grow warm and soften in a trice:
Where'er they come they meet fresh prey:
And a new face for ev'ry day:
Round all the country strole for prizes,
And sail no May-pole nor affizes.
In ev'ry town take special care
To finish alderman and mayor.
If at the baths, or at the wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and belly swells,
In folio-book the nicest dame
Is proud to register her name.
Your critick will object that I
Break through the rules of decency;
That dames who keep their days in state,
And wives of city magistrate,
Who know themselves of high degree,
Will not be towz'd extempore.
It may be so; but I want time
To draw their courtship out in rhyme.
As to the fact, I here unfold it,
As honest Ariosto told it.

WHEN our gallants had had their swing,
And flak'd their thirst at ev'ry spring,
Aftolpho cry'd we can subdue
What heart soever we pursue:
But, if old Galen's rule hold good,
It is with love, as 'tis with food;
In which variety of meat
Is apt to make one ever eat.

We'll have a single dish in common,
That is, between us both, one woman.

Quoth Jocond' what you say is true
The pretty marchioness will do.

I'm not dispos'd to have a flame,
The king reply'd, for such a dame:

A little sempstresses might be found,
As fair as marchioness, and sound.

To such we need no homage pay;
In publick walks, or at the play:

But without making any rout,
To ogle her, or lead her out,

Whate'er we wish, may do with ease,
And be in no constraint to please.

JOCONDE ask'd, what if we try
The daughter of our landlady?

She is a maid I dare uphold,

In ev'ry point, tho' twelve years old.

Your motion's good, Aftolpho said,

If I may have the maidenhead;

This privilege at which I aim,

Is but a fancy; let me claim

For once, dear friend, the preference,

Allow me here to play the prince;

In this one single branch I'd strive

To keep up my prerogative.

Joconde said, in such a case
How, sir, can flesh and blood give place?
In all things else, I shall be still
Obedient to your royal will;
But if you please, we'll leave this cause
To the decision of two straws.
Draw lots they did, with earnest care,
For this imaginary ware;
Joconde claim'd, in point of law,
By virtue of the longest straw.

THIS little virgin being come,
On some small errand, to their room,
Both king and squire the girl caress'd,
Her beauty prais'd, her bubbies press'd;
Then shew'd a ring, so sparkling shone,
That night engag'd her for their own,
And whilst her careful mother slept,
She softly to their chamber crept.
The lovers in the middle plac'd her,
And honestly, by turns, embrac'd her.
To the contentment of all three;
Joconde was in extacy!
To think how he had got with might,
Entry and seisin of his right.
I'll pardon him, for 'tis in vain,
On that point to have any pain,
In which all girls with little trouble,
Can the most artful sportsman bubble;
As Seneca, that learned clerk,
Doth somewhere, as I'm told, remark.

THUS all went well; the damsel play'd,
To greatest nicety, the maid;
Though long had her fantastick toy,
Been yielded to a 'prentice boy.

But merrily one night they pass
Abundantly to her solace;
The same the next, and 'tis averr'd
She pass'd as merrily the third.

THE 'prentice wonder'd to behold
His mistress grown so very cold,
But was not long upon the scent,
Before he found how matters went;
And did in terms severe reprove
The wench for being false in love.
She whimper'd; but confess'd at last,
The contract she had lately pass'd.
And, to appease him, thus she said;
If there be credit in a maid,
Soon as these naughty guests are gone,
I'm yours again: and yours alone.
A fig, says he, for any guest;
Kiss me, this very night, you'd best.
The girl reply'd, with weeping eyes,
Which way to do't, can you devise?
These folks to whom I am engag'd,
If I should fail, would be enrag'd;
And keep the ring, for which you know
What pains I nightly undergo.
I'll get the ring, says he, for you,
And gratify my humour too.
Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,
Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep
My post between 'em both, for one
Lies still until his friend has done;
So that I seldom want employ.
At their first snoring, says the boy,
I'll visit you, and ask no more
Than that you wou'dn't shut the door.

She left it open, and he came
To the bed's feet with eager flame;
Then sliding up between the sheets,
(Love ever favours these deceits)
Plac'd himself close, tho' G—d knows how,
But Ariosto does avow,
That tho' the lovers did awake,
Soon as the bed began to shake,
Yet, all the while the boy was at her,
They neither of 'em imoak'd the matter.
What has my comrade eat to-night,
To fire his blood and force delight?
Astolpho thought; still lay the squire,
Much wond'ring at the monarch's fire.
In the mean time the sturdy boy
His precious time did well employ:
And as the day began to peep,
Th' advent'urers being fast asleep,
The lad slept off; the little maid
Retir'd, of new fatigues afraid.

WHEN these knights-errand were awake,
The king Joconde thus bespake:
Great sir! with glorious toils oppress'd,
Compose your weary limbs to rest;
And after such unusual pains,
Consult the welfare of your reins.
Odds fish, the merry prince reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
Till tir'd with watching, sleep o'ercame
But had you sooner quench'd your flame,
I would have made a post or two;
And that's as much as I could do.
Joconde cry'd, there's no dispute
With kings who will be absolute:

But for the future, I'll beware
How monarchs in my pleasure share.
The king was piqu'd at this retort;
Some princes would have quarrell'd for't;
But he, good man, reply'd, dear mate,
Let the girl judge of this debate.
Then calling Lucy up in haste,
To tell them how affairs had pass'd,
Eager each other to refute,
Both told the cause of their dispute;
She, blushing on her knees did fall,
Ask'd pardon, and discover'd all.
They would not treat the wanton ill;
But, after having laugh'd their fill,
Gave her the ring and fifty crowns;
To buy new top-knots, gloves and gowns;
With which the baggage soon was wed;
When modestly, in bridal bed,
She lost, with many an artful squall,
Her maidenhead for good and all.

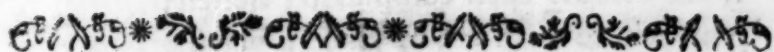
THUS did Astolpho and his friend
To these adventures put an end;
Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with laurels,
Which though not gain'd by warlike quarrels,
Yet shall immortalize their names
As long as Cupid's altar flames:
Laurels more fair than those attain'd
By battles won or cities gain'd;
More fair, although they only cost
A few feign'd sighs, or tears at most;
And far from danger and alarms,
Had been acquir'd by dint of charms.

THEIR table-book quite full of names,
Of Belles who had well quench'd their flames;

Come, says the monarch to the squire,
We pretty well have spent our fire,
E'en let us to our homes resort,
You to the country, I to court.
Our wives are loose beneath the waist,
And others are not over-chaste,
'Tis in misfortunes some relief
To have companions in our grief;
Then let us both like prudent men
Return, and take our dames again,
That love which Hymen had subdu'd,
Perhaps our absence has renew'd.
And as Astolpho had divin'd,
Their wives were mighty fond and kind,
After some chiding, more for fashion
Ariosto tells us, than in passion,
They strove lost pleasure to retrieve,
As fast as love would give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked dwarf, or lubbard-hind.

THEN let us not with fruitless care,
Expect perfection from the fair;
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their faults about 'em,
And stedfastly this truth believe,
That ev'ry WOMAN is an EVE.





The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

A Set of phrases learnt by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why:
Never to hold her tongue a minute;
While all she prates has nothing in it.
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit:
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But, half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has ev'ry repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before.
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry.
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon.
For conversation well endu'd;
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose.
Can, at her morning tea, run o'er
The scandal of the day before.
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chusing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit,

What colours each complexion match;
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it come near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrously her husband teize,
By taking fits whene'er she please:
By frequent practice learns a trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty;
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death;
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath,
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like man.

IN party, furious to her pow'r:
A bitter whig or tory sow'r;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend:
Will prove herself a tory plain,
From principles the whigs maintain;
And, to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topics from the tories draws.

O YES! If any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. * Harding:
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-sell a better thing;
So, holla boys: God save the king.



The Mill. A Tale.

Beneath a court's luxuriant skies,
 Plant Honesty*, it fades and dies:
 Such tender plants expire of course,
 Oppos'd to Influenza's force——
 That court disease, who from her wings
 A thousand magic poisons flings:——
 Nor in the church's ample sphere
 Does Honesty much better fare;
 Nor in the law's capacious round
 Is the rich blossom often found;
 These truths from others I relate,
 Nor court, church, law—has been my fate.

THE tenants to Sir John complain,
 The miller purloins half their grain:—
 What can be done?—On all his ground,
 This mill, and only this, is found:
 With shame the pilferer's disgrac'd,
 And in his room another's plac'd,
 Of fame unstain'd; by all agreed
 A man right worthy to succeed.

TEMPTATIONS numberless assail;
 This miller, like the last, proves frail,
 Again the tenants beg relief,
 Sir John's convinc'd that he's a thief:—
 In truth, my friends, I've been deceiv'd,
 No man more honest, I believ'd;

* A flower not uncommon in English gardens;

A miller chuse yourselves, he cry'd,
On whom we all may safe confide;
But first his merits closely scan,
To me 'tis equal who's the man.

AFTER much tedious altercation,
They come to a determination;
A miller's fix'd on; one whose name
Challeng'd the loudest blast of fame;
The tenants all in this agree,
If there's an honest man—'tis he.

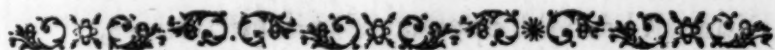
FOR some time no complaint was heard,
A month, or longer, 'tis averr'd;
At length—alas—too true, tho' strange,
This Paragon began to change;
Suspicion, as if half afraid,
In doubtful grumblings hints convey'd:
These grumblings every day increast,
'Till all the miller glares confest:
The toll too large—The corn when ground,
Was, on return, nor fair nor found;
Their flour all mix'd,—scarce half their due:
The greatest rogue they ever knew.

ONCE more to good Sir John they fly:
Sir John soon makes 'em this reply.

No farther change I'll now admit,
To your own choice you must submit;
The miller whom you thus upbraid,
Was honest 'till a miller made;
And honest had continued still,
But for the air of that damn'd mill:

At that alone your vengeance aim;
The mill and not the man's to blame.

LEARN, reader, from this little tale,
That ev'n the best of men are frail;
And where curst Influenza's found,
Millers will evermore abound.



The Incurious. A Tale.

A Virtuoso had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind:
Humpus, says he, I order that you find
Out such a man, with such a character,
He, in this paper now I give you here,
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate
For I will break your back, and set you straight.
Bring him to dinner. Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view,
At Covent-garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who, solitary gaping without care,
Did seem to say, who is't goes any where?
Says Humpus, sir, my master bad me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day.
He snuffs; then follows, up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes.
But looking round him saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;

Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And lolliſg eaſy does for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
The maſter thus accoſts him, ſir, you're wet,
Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet.
Thinks he, if I do ſpoil it, need I care?
I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare,
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
This is not very uſual, thinks the clown;
But is not all the family his own?
And why ſhould I, for contradiction ſake,
Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me.
After a while the daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command. }
'Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf to ſee the booby dine.
He does't. The father aſks, what have you there?
Sir, 'twas Champaigne I gave him. Sir, indeed!
'Take him and ſcourge him till the rascal bleed;
Don't ſpare him for his tears nor age: I'll try
If cat and nine tails can excuſe a lye.
'Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe,
But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
And how know I but it may be his good?
When the deſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault;
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſ'nous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he
Said, sir, it was my lady gave 'em me.
No more such poison shall she ever give,
I'll burn the witch, t'in't fitting she should live;
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
And pray, good sir, may't please you to be by.
Then smiling, says the clown, upon my life,
A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife.
And since I find 'tis really your design,
Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.



Measure for Measure. A Tale.

WITH envy fraught and malediction,
Fools rail against church jurisdiction,
They say, where canon law prevails,
'That justice never holds the scales;
'That in the civil courts alone,
She and her genuine train are known:
Falshoods alike!----Where most she's found,
'The following story may expound.

IN Old Castile some ages since,
When fam'd Alphonso rul'd as prince,
A holy priest, meek, chaste, and good,
Happen'd to spill a layman's blood:
Ev'n saints themselves, in holy writ,
Would trifling faults sometimes commit;
No rank the slaughter'd fellow bore:-----
A reptile shoemaker----no more:
By some malicious folks 'twas said,
'The priest had grac'd Crispino's head;
And, taken in the fact, had further,
To lewd adult'ry added murder;

Abfurd! to think a churchman cou'd
In fuch a caufe fpill Chriftian blood:

WHEN priests in thofe religious times,
Were charg'd with any heinous crimes,-----
By mother church their caufe was try'd;
Who elfe fhould churchmen's caufe decide?
And juftice feated on church-bench,
No doubt muft prove a fpotlefs wench:
Thrice happy age! when canon law
Unrival'd kept the world in awe:
But now, alas, the cafe is alter'd,
And priests by civil law are halter'd;
Whence pious churchmen now maintain
With juftice-----This is Satan's reign.

By virtue of church abfolution,
That wond'rous chymical folution,
The church has the exclusive power,
Men's fouls from Satan's ruft to fcow;er;
To free 'em from corroding fin,
And make 'em bright as new-made pin:-----
Shall thofe who by cathedral fpell,
Can ope the gates of heav'n and hell;
A power to kings as much fuperior,
As earth to heaven is inferior;
Shall thofe to whom fuch power's assign'd,
No deference from mere mortals find?
Pay churchmen little veneration,
You fap the church's beft foundation;
And fhould the church once tumble,----hell
With joy would ring the world's laft knell.

AMBASSADORS, ev'n at this hour
Defy the law's inferior power;
Equally free to all intent
With thofe great kings they represent;

And priests from holy writings shew
They're heav'n's ambassadors below;
(To punish any holy priest
Is breach of privilege at least)
From whence this inference they draw,
Priests are above the civil law.

THE holy priest as culprit stood,
Charg'd with the shedding Christian blood;
The church sat judge, and proofs came thick,
Inspir'd no doubt by envious Nick;
The prisoner guilty found;---and here
Stop, reader, and prepare the tear;
That one in rank so highly plac'd,
That one with holy garments grac'd,
Should for a trifling accident
Meet so severe a punishment:
But mother church has still been known
Rather too rigid to her own;
A noble lesson to mankind,
That justice ever should be blind,-----
The culprit first prescrib'd repentance,
The court pronounc'd this dreadful sentence.

"THE fact so plainly prov'd, the church decrees,
"To terrify her sons from crimes like these,
"That from your holy office as a priest,
"You be suspended one whole year at least."

JUSTICE thus fatisfied, 'twas thought,
The affair would shortly be forgot;
But dire revenge, conceal'd with art,
Oft lurks within the villain's heart:
Crispino's son; for mischief rise,
Determines to have life for life:
Some months *perdue*, like savage beast
(Vengeance still gnawing at his breast)

He waits-----ere fortune brings his prey
 The harmless priest, within his way;
 When through his heart, with strength convey'd,
 He drives the dagger's murd'rous blade;
 The priest expires; the murd'rer's seiz'd,
 (Revenge thus got)----to die well pleas'd.

CAN crimes like this unmark'd pass by?
 No angry token from the sky?
 No well-tim'd earthquake to enclose
 (Churchmen all fav'd)----the church's foes?
 No thunder to proclaim to earth,
 That priests are of celestial birth?
 But heav'n-sent miracles of late,
 It seems are growing out of date.

THO' churchmen are in general tender,
 They vow'd strict justice on th'offender;
 To court they fly, and quick demand
 The murd'rer yielded to their hand;-----
 A brother kill'd! Oh, impious deed!
 Ev'n kings themselves had better bleed;
 They fix the murd'rer's dreadful doom,
 Both here, and in the world to come.

HIS majesty, quite cool and grave,
 To their demand this answer gave.

" A PRIEST a layman kills:----The cause
 " Was try'd by holy churchmen's laws;
 " A layman kills a priest:-----This time
 " Our civil law shall judge the crime."

THE hour will come, do all you can, Sir,
 Satan will trim you for this answer:

" OH, Becket! Dunstan! Hildebrande!
 " Ye saints, whose names distinguish'd stand
 " I'th'holy calendar----look down----
 " Avenge your cause----For 'tis your own."

THE trial comes;----The murd'rer cast,----
 The king, as judge, this sentence past:
 "THE fact so plainly prov'd, the law decrees,
 "To terrify the world from crimes like these,
 "That for a year the privilege you lose,
 "Of making, or of mending boots and shoes."

How just, how severe was the church's decree!
 How partial, how weak was the civil law's bann!
 Look back through time's annals; in short you may
 see,
 It has ever been so, since the world began.

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The Pleasures of Poverty.

HAPPY the man, the cobbler, or the bard,
 Who knows not wealth's enchantments, but
 whose soul

Sublime, above the sublunary joys
 Of idle splendor, casts a retrospect
 Upon itself, not of itself ashamed;
 In true substantial poverty elate:
 Elate, triumphant, while the selfish rich
 Mourn inward, and themselves with horror view.
 Caricature dread!--so Doll, at home,
 (If simile to poor man be allow'd)
 Within the broken fragment of a glass,
 Which once adorn'd the chamber of some lord,
 Surveys her healthy face, with nature's paint
 Best colour'd, and approving, fees display'd,
 Or thinks she sees, some secret charms, deny'd
 To Phillis in her cardinal or shade.
 While batter'd Phillis, in the mirror, views,

Tho' deck'd with gilded frame, her morning face
Broken, and disconcerted as her mind.

HAIL poverty! connected, if thou deign
To share my homely bed, domestic spouse!
To dress my dish, with hunger's false serv'd up
On wooden trencher, in its true caveer.
No catchop I demand, nor pickle green,
For, whetted on the stone of poverty,
My appetite is keener than my knife.
Full oft my knife deserts me, when 'tis blunt,
Calling the grind-stone to its aid, while I,
Impatient grown with hunger, throw aside
The useless friend, deserting me in need.

BUT let not vicious poverty presume
To climb my garret, with contagious haunt;
I hate the pest prophane, and keep her off—
White ermine I, in milk of chastity
Preserv'd, and nitid as the bleached down
That germinates upon the neck of lambs.

DWELL vice with opulence and fordid gold,
Tann'd as that basest metal of the mines.
My coat of arms be argent, and my crest
The lily, vaunting in its foliage pure,
Said to excel the pride of Solomon,
Tho' clad in all the purple of the east.
Simplex munditiis shall my motto be,
Writ with the ink of snow, and pen of swan.

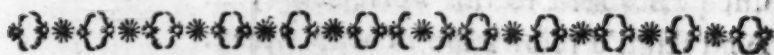
FAR be the blood of grape from my plain cup;
Of chrystal be my glass, with limpid stream
Replete, of cleanly river, or of spring
Not fabulous, like that of Helicon,
Or Hippocrene, by ancient poets sung;
But real, apt to slake a poet's thirst;
No mineral, like that of Bath or Spa,

Oft prostituted to the worst abuse,
And feign'd restorative of wan decay.

THEY only, in the stream of wealth who swim,
Are truly poor, and literally mean;
Vapid to them is ev'ry joy of life,
For sweet necessity, with kind salute,
Ne'er draws their curtains at the mornin's dawn
To say, good-morrow—Come, thou buxom lass!
Jocund and blithe, who daily windest up
The weights of life, and bid'st our clock to strike
Each wheeling hour upon the bell of time,
Each silver minute counted o'er with bliss,
Because enjoy'd, the poor man's certain bank,
Never to break, till time itself be lost.

Appreciate to its value, who can rate
Of time the standard sum? Ye' suicides,
Who kill a mint of hours, oh weigh the guilt
Of but one slaughter'd second, basely slain,
Which not the chemist's best hermetic seal
Can bind, or bid it not evaporate,
Tho' e'er so artfully transfus'd! Oh think
Upon the forfeit ne'er to be redeem'd!

LET poverty then estimate my hours,
Which, if enjoy'd, tho' fleeting, were my own,
Were mine possess'd, and like so many brides,
Wedded and woo'd, the rich survivor I,
Enrich'd by such polygamy, alive
To woo and wed ten thousand thousand more.
Not so, if chain'd to wealth, Prometheus like,
By luxury corroded, liver grown,
For ever wasting, and as fast supply'd
From wants creating want, like Hydra-heads
Cut off, and still revegetating new.



John, the English Footman. A Tale.

THE chiming bells from ev'ry steeple,
 Proclaim'd to well disposed people,
 That they must be repairing soon
 To service of the afternoon:
 That is—it now was almost three;
 My lord, still at his morning tea,
 (For it was Sunday, and you know
 What then could folks of fashion do?)
 My lady holds engag'd in chat,
 In blaming this, reforming that:
 Since, my dear lord, at your command,
 I took the management in hand;
 You know, 'twas always my endeavour,
 Your house should be polite and clever.
 How well your dignity it suits
 To have discharg'd your English brutes!
 I think, there now remains but one—
 And he, because your tenant's son!
 Must we be plagu'd with such a sot
 In complaisance to farmer Trott?
 My lord replies,—Trott pays his rent,
 And can make votes to parliament:
 And often sends us chins and turkies;
 And John, too, capable of work is.
 —Send him to work then in your stable—
 Oh! such a wretch to wait at table!
 Indeed, my dear, it gives me pain.
 To see him shock the *Gens de bien*
 With toes turn'd in, and awkward mien!
 So this I do insist upon,
 That he immediately be gone!

Since 'tis your pleasure, go he must—
Yet to assign some cause—were just—
At least what plausible may seem—
And that's consistent with my scheme,
In the militia we will swear him;
I'll write to Fielding not to spare him:
These purposes will answer double,
First, in discharging you of trouble;
And in procuring me the merit
Of acting with a gen'rous spirit:
My lord (they say) don't even spare,
His own domestics from the war,
How ardent for the public weal!
Example rare of noble zeal!
But, let us sound him first, to know
Whether the rogue's inclin'd to go;
If you, my dear, approve the measure,—
Yes—call him up—My lord, your pleasure,—
John, thou'rt a fellow tall and lusty,
Of heart right sound, and courage trusty;
Can you yourself in humour bring
To serve your country and your king?
And strait some justice go before,
In the militia to be sworn?
Militia;—what is that, my lord?
I do not understand the word—
Why John it means the French (ah, hang 'em!)
Soundly whene'er you meet to bang 'em—
Is that the case?—with all my heart—
I'll do my best to play my part—

JOHN strait retires, with awkward airs;
And meets the valet on the stairs;
Whom he accosts with one salute
Of rightly pois'd, elastic foot,

Which sent Monsieur a headlong falling,
And left him at the bottom sprawling.

My lord's friseur he next attacks
With frequent cuffs, and English thwacks:
And whilst he dress'd my lady's tête
John curl'd his locks and comb'd his pate.
Then hurrying in the kitchen goes,
And bastes the cook, and tweaks his nose;
Vat be de matter, villain, rogue,
Me kill you, thou one English dog!
Soho! quoth John, Monsieur Ragou,
Since you thus froth and sputter so,
I must apply my drudger too;
If that wo'nt do—you shall, unpity'd,
Be sent to Garrick to be spitted!

JANTON he next attacks, and throws
Over her head at once her cloaths:
And sad disaster!) found—to shock one,
That poor Janeton had no smock on!)
Who hurries strait to Ma'moiselle
Enrag'd her loud complaints to tell,
Who interfering in the rout,
Fine vark indeed dis, Maitre Trotte,
I'll do your bus'ness strait, she cries:
And up stairs to my lady flies,
And scarce, quite out of breath, could say,
Eh! quelles barbares, quelles sots Anglois,
Trot has been making such a riot!
The scoundrel Trot? lord, lady cry out—
Your valet—cook—and friseur bang'd!
—Send him to Fielding to be hang'd!
And in the sight of the postilion,
O'er Janton's head tost her Cotillon.
And vat vas varse, *a mon surprise,*
Pauvre Janton had no chemise—

Go hang him without judge or jury!
Cries out my lady in a fury.

JOHN summon'd now before 'em all,
With aching heart, attends the call.
Fripon, poltron, vile English varlet,
My lady screams as red as scarlet;
While the soft voice of Ma'moiselle
With Poll and lap dog join the yell.

POOR John, confus'd with wild dismay;
'Trembling, and fault'ring, scarce could say,
Only—one word—my lord, I pray.

I'm sorry thus to have offended,
But I no harm at all intended.

Your lordship's orders, and my oath,
You know, my lord, oblige me both.
To maul the French, to bang and beat 'em!
In whatsoever place I meet 'em!

Hold, John—you quite mistake the matter,
But on this side of the water.

In Flanders beat 'em if you can;
And there you'll shew yourself a man.

Or if they ever should be found
To land their force on British ground;
Why then you might exert your sallies
To drive 'em back again to Calais.

The French so ever *degagé*,

So airy, gay, polite, and free;

'Tho' object of the vulgar spite,

By long prescription have a right

To the protection of the great,

Who live in affluence and state:

Whom our domestics when we style 'em,

Our houses are their sure asylum.

Their characters are sacred there;

So that, if saucy scoundrels dare

T' insult their persons, or to bait 'em,

'Tis constru'd *Scandalum magnatum*.

Then breach of privilege ensues,

With fines, imprisonment, and dues:

Nor, 'till unto our wills we bend 'em,

Can Habeas Corpus's defend 'em.

THEREFORE for your presumption, John,

Uncase this moment—and begone!



The Hermit.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,

' And guide my lonely way,

' To where yon taper cheers the vale,

' With hospitable ray.

' For here forlorn, and lost, I tread,

' With fainting steps, and slow;

' Where wilds, immeasurably spread,

' Seem length'ning as I go.'

' Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,

' To tempt the dangerous gloom;

' For yonder fantem only flies

' To lure thee to thy doom.

' Here to the houseless child of want,

' My door is open still;

' And, tho' my portion is but scant,

' I give it with good will.

' Then turn to-night, and freely share

' Whate'er my cell bestows,

- ' My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
' My blessing and repose.
- ' No flocks that range the valley free,
' To slaughter I condemn:
- ' Taught by that power that pities me,
' I learn to pity them.
- ' But from the mountain's grassy side,
' A guiltless feast I bring;
- ' A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
' And water from the spring.
- ' Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
' For earth-born cares are wrong:
- ' Man wants but little here below,
' Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glad obscure
The modest mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The door, just open'd with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to rest,

The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly pass'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's wo;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove;
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;

' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
' But leaves the wretch to weep?

' And love is still an emptier found,
' The haughty fair one's jest:

' On earth unseen, or only found
' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

' And spurn the sex,' he said:

But while he spoke, a rising blush
' The bashful guest betray'd.

He sees unnumber'd beauties rise,

Expanded to the view;

Like clouds that deck the morning-skies,

As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,

Alternate spread alarms:

The lovely stranger stands confest

A maid in all her charms.

' And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,

' A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd;

' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude

' Where heaven and you reside.

' But let a maid thy pity share,

' Whom love has taught to stray;

' Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

' Companion of her way.

' My father liv'd beside the Tyne,

' A wealthy lord was he:

‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms,
‘ Unnumber’d suitors came;
‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
‘ And felt, or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each morn the gay fantastic crowd
‘ With richest proffers strove:
‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
‘ But never talk’d of love.

‘ In humblest, simplest habit clad,
‘ No wealth nor power had he;
‘ A constant heart was all he had,
‘ But that was all to me.

‘ The blossom opening to the day,
‘ The dews of heaven refin’d,
‘ Could nought of purity display,
‘ To emulate his mind.

‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
‘ With charms inconstant shine,
‘ Their charms were his, but wo to me,
‘ Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
‘ Importunate and vain;
‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
‘ I triumph’d in his pain.

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
‘ He left me to my pride;

‘ And fought a solitude forlorn,
‘ In secret, where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
‘ And well my life shall pay;
‘ I’ll seek the solitude he fought,
‘ And stretch me where he lay.

‘ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
‘ I’ll lay me down and die:
‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
‘ And so for him will I.

‘ Thou shalt not thus,’ the hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast:
The wandering fair one turn’d to chide——
‘Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
‘ My charmer, turn to see,
‘ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
‘ Restor’d to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
‘ And ev’ry care resign:
‘ And shall we never, never part,
‘ O thou——my all that’s mine?

‘ No, never, from this hour to part,
‘ We’ll live and love so true;
‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
‘ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

*The Happy Man.*

HAPPY the man, who free from noisy sports,
And all the pomp and pageantry of courts:
Far from the venal world can live secure,
Be moral, honest, virtuous—tho' but poor,
Who walking still by equity's just rules,
Detesting fordid knaves, and flatt'ring fools:
Regarding neither fortune, pow'r, nor state,
Nor ever wishing to be vainly great,
Without malevolence and spleen can live,
And what his neighbour wants, with joy would give;
A foe to pride, no passion's guilty friend,
Obeying nature, faithful to her end;
Severe in manners, as in truth severe,
Just to himself, and to his friends sincere;
His temper even, and his steady mind
Resign'd by friendship, and by books refin'd.
Some low-roof'd cottage holds the happy swain,
Unknown to lux'ry, or her servile train;
He studying nature grows serenely wise,
Like Socrates he lives, or like him dies.
He asks no glory gain'd by hostile arms,
Nor sighs for grandeur with her painted charms.
With calm indiff'rence views the shifting scene,
Thro' all magnanimous, resign'd, serene.
On hope sustain'd he treads life's devious road,
And knows no fear, except the fear of God.
Would heav'n indulgent grant my fond desire,
Thus would I live, and thus should life expire.



The Crooked Stick. A Tale.

SYLVIA, in days of yore, had been
 As bright a nymph as trod the green;
 A croud of youths successive strove
 To gain the fickle virgin's love:
 But now, at least, the fortieth year
 In Sylvia's village did appear;
 Her prime, alas! her days were o'er!
 And she was teas'd to death no more:
 Now she began to be afraid—
 That she should die—should die a maid;
 To 'scape which melancholy lot,
 At last a crooked spouse she got.

WHEN Sally saw her madam's spouse,
 The wench's indignation rose:
 Lard, is it possible, she cry'd,
 You should to such a thing be ty'd;
 Where, where are all those brighter swains,
 That courted with incessant pains;
 That hung with garlands every tree,
 And cull'd their choicest fruits for thee;
 Who made the fertile valleys ring,
 And mountains, Sylvia, Sylvia sing?

Do this, quoth Sylvia, and 'twill shew
 What I have done is nothing new:
 Cut me a stick in yonder shade,
 The best, the straightest can be had;
 If still a straighter you survey,
 Cut that, and cast the first away;
 But on no wise return to pick,
 Tho' straighter, a rejected stick.

UNTO the coppice Sally goes;
A matchless oak at first she chose:
A stripling elm that grew fast by,
Seems more genteel in Sally's eye:
Next a young sycamore she spy'd,
And laid the better elm aside:
This, ere 'twas cut, she thought to be
By far the straightest of the three.
Thus she pass'd through the woodland chusing,
Sometimes advancing, sometimes losing;
For one less crooked now she peers,
At ev'ry change her stick appears
More handy still, it makes her fume,
To think to what her choice will come.
The last, an ill form'd ash, she tears,
And from the wood with grief retires.

HER mistress smil'd to see her come
With such a crooked billet home.
Sally had little cause to glory,
So frankly she relates the story.
This was my case, her dame reply'd,
I never could be satisfy'd,
But slighted many a worthier swain,
Hoping still better to obtain;
Still more defective prov'd the next;
Thus disappointed, thus perplex'd,
At length I married what you see.
Just so, quoth Sall, I chose this tree.

LEARN hence, ye virgins, to be wise,
And, where there's merit, ne'er despise;
Lest you, like Sylvia, chuse a mate,
And then, in vain, deplore your fate.
Nor think this lesson is less true,
Wise batchelors, if told to you;

Who whistle round from fair to fair,
Till, toothless grown and in despair,
You curse the hours so idly past.
Despis'd by ev'ry maid at last.



On May-Morning.

ALL hail! thou pleasing chearful morn,
Sweet harbinger of May,
Welcome, thrice welcome, thy return,
Which makes all nature gay.

At thy soft call, the genial earth
Yields up her verdant stores,
Her flow'ry offspring now spring forth,
Awak'd by vernal show'rs.

The bright parterres for thee display
Their utmost blooming pride,
Behold the varying tulip gay
In all the rainbow dy'd.

There rich auriculas appear,
In powder'd lustre drest,
The modest polyanthus here,
In nature's humbler vest.

In one the finish'd toast we trace,
In one the rural maid;
Art there bestows the foreign grace,
But here with-holds her aid.

Yet, though the first more brilliant shows,
The last is not less fair,
She fears not every blast that blows,
But blooms through all the year.

Behold on yonder fragrant bush,
Where blows the lovely rose,
Thy warm approach has made it blush,
And all its sweets disclose.

Thy smiles have fill'd hills, dales, and groves,
With beauty and with song,
Have imp'd with speed the wings of love,
And urg'd his shafts along.

Thy influence bids soft numbers flow;
To thee I tune my lays,
To thee the joys thy smiles bestow,
Return in artless praise.

Still as the kind revolving year
Thy charms renews again,
To nature's voice I'll tune my lyre,
And bless thy happy reign.





The Pleasures of the Night.

O Thou! whose pinion did o'erspread the deep,
 'Ere the Almighty Father spake the word,
 Incumbent o'er th'illimitable void,
 O Night! O sacred shade! thee sounds my lyre,
 Thee, best-lov'd subject of the serious Muse.

OF noontide splendors, and the beamy sun,
 Of shady woodlands, and of eddyng floods,
 That, warbling, flow the breezy mead along,
 Who sings not, raptur'd with the magick scene?
 Far diff'rent joys I sing:—The midnight hour!
 The pensive pleasures of the silent Night!

THY blessings, meditation how divine!
 How sweetly solemn, this thy chosen hour!—

VIEW, heav'nly Muse, yon rolling orbs on high,
 Yon rolling orbs in equal balance pois'd,
 Obedient to their Maker's great controul.—
 Ponder this grateful change of light and shade,
 Still light and shade are but the varied God.
 His goodness beams, illustrious, in the sun,
 Who, early journeying o'er the eastern hills,
 Gladdens, with orient ray, th'adoring world:
 In ev'ning-tide his tenderness and love
 Refresh tir'd nature with the balmy breeze:
 His terrors in the boist'rous whirlwind roar,
 His kindness lulls the whistling winds to sleep,
 And softly breathes along the panting gale.

FROM this thick gloom, by light-wing'd fancy led,
 The mounting mind pursues the glitt'ring track
 Of those, who, victors in the glorious chace,

Shine ever blooming on the rolls of fame;
 —Pursues the track—herself, (hard fate!) condemn'd
 To sleep unnoted, with the vulgar dead.

IN dusky vapour of the night inspher'd,
 Quick fancy penetrates the gen'ral's tent;
 He, with dull step, treads o'er his solemn round,
 And spends in anxious thought the sleepless hour;
 High rais'd in station 'bove the common herd,
 And 'boye them too with tort'ring cares perplext.

Not so the humble cottager appears,
 Who, on the lily-woven bank reclin'd,
 Inhales the freshness of the vernal air:
 He, (happy mortal!) careless and at ease,
 Hears the wild world in loud commotion tost;
 Not more dismay'd than is the mariner,
 When distant thunders mutter in his ear.—

'Twas in these shades that thou, * unhappy bard,
 Whose vocal griefs in melting numbers flow,
 And melancholy joys diffuse around,
 Heroically humble, didst submit
 Thy passions to the Sov'reign's righteous will;
 Soft blew the wind, and gently flow'd the stream,
 Whilst sympathizing nature made a pause
 In deep attention to thy moral song.

SEE 'twixt yon parting clouds the beaming light!
 The moon, o'er yon high hill, heaves her broad disk:
 Come, heav'nly light, enliv'ning radiance, come,
 Illumine, with thy ray, the azure vault:
 How pleasant, how transporting is the scene!
 How sprightly shine the stars, and glitt'ring roll,
 By sounds of mystick harmony inform'd,
 'Thro' trackless æther in their orbits wide!—

HARK, usher'd in by joy's tumultuous voice,

Wakes the loud musick in yon distant tow'r:
On Eurus' wing the rapid sounds aspire,
The mighty concert shakes the troubled sky:
'Tis so—This night to thee, great Cumbria's prince,
In solemn mirth, Britannia consecrates,
To thee—whose sword, vindictive of our rights,
Chastis'd rebellion's insolence, and quell'd
Her savage numbers on the well-fought plain.
'They cease—yet more harmonious sounds succeed,
While Philomela, from the neighbouring bay,
Wailing, renews her solitary song;
Borne on the swelling gale, her gentle note,
Softens the murmurs of the dying breeze.
This, sure the scene that ravish'd Shakespear's eye,
Whose † dreaming Muse, in sweet confusion, leads
The well-pleas'd reader thro' the umber'd plain,
O'er hill, o'er dale, beside the rushy brook,
Lur'd with the musick of his fairy song.
O! could I equal his majestic strain!
Full oft I'd wander thro' the chequer'd grove,
And paint the beauties of th' enchanting scene;
Spontaneous, should th'untutor'd numbers flow,
So just, so noble, that e'en Phœbus' self,
Tho' my glad verse exalts his rival's praise,
Should, with unfading laurel, wreathe my brow.

† Midsummer Night's Dream.



The Winter's Walk.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

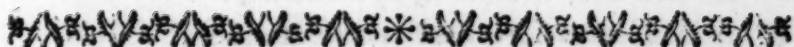
Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy pow'r usurp my breast.

Enliv'ning hope and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.





The Farmer's Blunder.

A Farmer once to London went,
 To pay the worthy squire his rent:
 He comes,—he knocks,—soon entrance gains,
 Who at the door such guest detains?
 Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart;
 'Farmer, you're welcome to my heart:
 'You've brought my rent then?—To a hair,
 'The best of tenants, I declare.'
 The stew'd was call'd, th'accounts made even,
 The money paid, receipt was given:
 'Well, quoth the 'squire, now you shall stay
 'And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
 'I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
 'And pleasant sparks, I'll warn't will fit thee.'
 He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
 And said, 'No, zur, two words to that.
 'For look, d'ye zee, when Ize to dine,
 'With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
 'I do use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
 'In deed, or word, some plaguy blunder,
 'Zo, if your honour will permit,
 'I'll with your zervants pick a bit.'—
 'Pho, says the squire, it shan't be done,'
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes.
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great.
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.

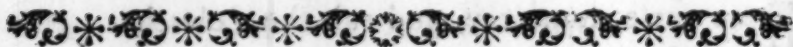
By madam serv'd with body bended,
With knife and fork and arms extended,
He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
To plate that over-hung the table.
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modish way,
'Your love's sufficient, zur,' he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honours.
'Pish, says the squire, pray keep your sitting,'
'No, no, he cries, zur, 'tis not fitting,
'Tho' I'm no scholard versed in letters,
'I know my duty to my betters.'
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended—well!
But at the next—ah! what befel,
The dishes now were timely plac'd,
And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke:
'Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
'And pull away the farmer's chair.'
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But by posteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs in river sprawling,
He catch'd the cloth to save his falling.

In vain—sad fortune, down he's wallow'd,
And rattling all the dishes follow'd.
The foplings lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits.
Here tumbled turkies, tarts and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geese and pidgeons.
A pear pye on his belly drops.
A custard pudding met his chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and rub their cloaths.
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown.
One spark bemoans bespatter'd waistcoat,
One, rot him, cries, he's spoil'd my lac'd coat.
Amidst the rout the farmer long
The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue.
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrabbles up to make his speech,
First scrapes eyes, mouth and nostril twangs,
Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
' Plague tak't—Ize told you how 'twould be,
' Luck here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see;
' And some I'll warrant that makes this chatter,
' Have cloaths daub'd with greas and batter,
' That cost'—He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career.
' Peace, brute! begone,' the ladies cry.
The beaux exclaim, 'Fly, rascal, fly.'—
' I'll tear his eyes out,' squeaks Miss Dolly,
' I'll pink his foul out,' roars a bully.—
At this the farmer shrinks for fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, 'Ay! kill me then,
' Whene'er you catch me here again.'

So home he jogs, and leaves the 'squire
To cool the spark's and ladies' ire.

Well! here ends my tale, and now I'll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station;
And this may shew the wanton wit,
That whilst he bites he may be bit.



On seeing a Scull.

THIS preacher, silent yet severe,
Proclaims mortality to man;
Thou, like this emblem, shalt appear,
When time has measur'd out thy span.
Here once was fix'd the dimpled cheek,
And from this fallow naked crown,
'The curling honours, long and sleek,
Fell light and negligently down.
This part once fortify'd the brain,
The seat of sense in ages fled;
From whence might flow the raptur'd strain,
Or truths, by sacred science bred.
Here hung the lips that once cou'd smile,
And here were fix'd the orbs of light;
Extinguish'd now, corrupt and vile,
Suffus'd in everlasting night.
Behold! the socket's empty space
Affrights the yet perceiving eye;
And spreads pale horror o'er the face
Of all who live, alas! to die.
Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By dust defil'd of earthly hue,

Those teeth that age vouchsaf'd to spare,
An useless and a mould'ring few!
Gay friend, here hung the list'ning ear,
That fed the soul with sense, by sound;
Here the loquacious tongue, and here
The nose, on this distorted wound.
These all had converse with the soul,
Mysterious work of heav'nly skill;
Clay join'd to spirit form'd a whole,
And quicken'd dust obey'd the will.
God call'd the life he lent away,
The dust return'd from whence it came;
The spirit left the stiff'ning clay,
And death dissolv'd the wond'rous frame.
Be witty, mortal, bold and free,
Yet own thy knowledge centers here;
Ere long thy scalp like this shall be,
Not worth the sordid sexton's care.
This once, perhaps, a statesman's schemes
Of guilty wealth and power contain'd,
Where now are all his flattering dreams?
And whose the mighty fums he gain'd?
Perhaps some former Garrick bore
This scalp aloft with graceful pride,
Alas! his action charms no more,
That once new force to wit supply'd.
Perhaps, with cunning quibbles fill'd,
'Twas once a lawyer's—arch and dry:
To obviate every claim, tho' skill'd,
He paid one debt, decreed to die.
Perhaps some haughty beauty's charms
Adorn'd this bone with white and red;
No more the nymph the world alarms,
The lillies and the roses fled.

Perhaps a crown these temples bound,
 Before it subject nations bow'd;
 Now undistinguish'd, in the ground,
 The beggar tramples on the proud.
 What cause has mortal flesh to boast
 Of transient knowledge, wealth, and pow'r?
 The summons comes, our breath is lost,
 And all are nothing in an hour.
 All, all must pass this dreary road
 To dust and silence, cold and gloom;
 All rest in one obscure abode,
 The dwelling of the world, the tomb.
 O thou whose gift is life! bestow
 Yet more in virtue and in truth,
 And lead me thro' this vale of woe,
 The staff of age, and guide of youth.
 Sustain me in the mortal hour,
 For then 'tis time alone to save;
 Then let me triumph in thy pow'r,
 A joyful victor o'er the grave.



A new Receipt to tame a Shrew.

Shakespear's receipt to tame a Shrew,
 May sometimes, but won't always do;
 If bare assertion's not enough,
 The following tale affords a proof.

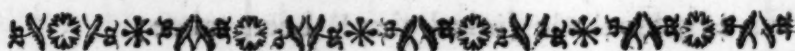
RICHARD spy'd John, and call'd out to him;
 He was so chang'd, John scarcely knew him:
 Once he was brisk, and gay, and merry;
 His eyes were floes, his cheeks were cherry;

He us'd to laugh, and dance, and sing;
Now he was quite another thing.
Pale were his cheeks, his eyes were dim;
His cloaths too big by half for him;
He sigh'd as if his heart was broke;
He sigh'd, alas! but seldom spoke.
John was amaz'd, and thought it strange:
To find in Dick this sudden change:
Whence could this alteration come?
He spoke to Dick, but Dick was dumb.
Poor Ball, friend Richard, is't not so?
Ball is elop'd. Quoth Richard, No.
Is Gripe, your good old uncle, dead?
Dick answer'd, No, and shook his head.
Why then, I'll lay my life that Sally,
(You two together us'd to dally)
Has sent you home a babe to nurse——
Ha! Dick? Dick answer'd ten times worse.
Silent some moments here he tarry'd,
Then, Oh! says Dick, Oh! John! I'm marry'd.
Marry'd? Ay.—Say'st, thou so my boy?
With all my heart I wish thee joy!
Joy does no more to me belong.
How so? Oh! Kate has such a tongue,
She contradicts whate'er I tell her;
Keeps both the keys of purse and cellar;
Lives as she lists, but all won't do,
She snubs me loud; before folks too;
And, if I chance to stay out late,
I must be catechis'd by Kate.
Some method should be try'd, says John.
Method! quoth Dick? There is but one:
Across our stable hangs a shelf——
Thou dost not mean to hang thyself?

Yes; death alone must end my sorrow!
Adieu, dear John, I die to-morrow.
What! hang thyself? 'cause Kate is curst?
Egad, I'd see Kate hang'd up first.
Friend Dick! this talk is monstrous idle;
Try a good horse whip, or a bridle:
You find, old Jobson in the farce
Prevented thus domestic jars;
When Nell, his wife, let loose her clapper,
He us'd most heartily to strap her,
And, by this usage, we are told,
Tam'd Loverule's wife, a noted scold:
Richard, try thou one hearty banging;
If that should fail, then talk of hanging.
Richard reply'd, what thou advicest,
Friend John, to me seems best and wisest.
Who knows, it may suffice, perhap,
Only to show my wife the strap?
Howe'er, I'll with discretion deal it,
As Kate requires, to see, or feel it.
Here they broke off, and set a trudging;
Dick to his wife, John to his lodging.
KATE was a lusty, stout virago,
Pamper'd herself with soup and sago,
And was, the neighbours all agree,
A match for two such men as he.
Thus it appears; read but the sequel;
You'll find, Dick was not near her equal:
For he to John soon after goes,
A plaister stuck quite cross his nose,
His face up to his eyes was swell'd,
The saddest that you e'er beheld;
Back, belly, sides, in short, all o'er
The man was so confounded sore,

He could not bear the gentlest touch,
And scarce could go without a crutch.
Mercy! cry'd John, Whence did this happen?
Quoth Dick, 'Twas you told me of strapping;
And, but for following your advice,
I had been hang'd, and 'scap'd all this.
Alack a day! why, Kate no sooner
Found that I was about to tune her,
But it enrag'd her so, and vext her,
That she lay'd hold of what came next her,
Stools, tables, sauce-pans, plates and chairs,
Flew, thick as hail, about my ears.
She call'd me bold, rebellious fool;
Ask'd, why she marry'd, but to rule;
And with her talons, and her fist,
Has scratch'd and bruis'd me, as thou see'st;
Therefore, to shun all future sorrow,
Depend upon't, I'll hang to-morrow.
Here John began a grave discourse.
Art sometimes triumphs over force;
Towns that by storm would ne'er be shaken,
Have by blockade (mind that!) been taken;
People must eat, Dick, else they die;
(First we affirm, and then apply;)
Thus Dick should'st thou with-hold that thing,
Without which life's not worth possessing.
'Spite of her furious temper, Kate
Wou'd, by degrees, capitulate.
Only let careful quest be made
To intercept all foreign aid,
And tho' she be a lusty warrior,
And thou hast had the luck to marry her,
Affairs will for the better alter,
Take my advice, and burn thy halter.

Richard, as we may learn from hence,
 'Thinking no more than literal sense,
 Reply'd, Thou art a simple-tony,
 I told thee, Kate keeps all the money;
 Therefore 'tis vain what you observe;
 Not she, but I am like to starve.
 I mean,—said John,—and whisper'd low,
 But what, we could not just then know.
 Howe'er, you'll doubtless, by th' event,
 Along with us, guess what it meant.
 Few weeks were past, the neighbours tell,
 Ere Dick had play'd his part so well,
 That, for the future, Kate abhorr'd
 To lift her hand against her lord;
 Instead of thund'ring words, they hear
 What time d'ye please to dine, my dear?
 If Dick but points towards the door,
 Kate knows the hint, nor waits for more.
 Things in their proper course go on,
 And Dick in raptures runs to John.



The Rose.

FAIR rose! whose lively glow the fancy warms,
 Bright with a thousand transitory charms;
 Gay, blushing sweetness; lovely fragrant thing;
 Thy rise, thy flourish, and thy fall, I sing.

THE vernal sun now, with a brighter ray,
 Shed o'er the plain a more refulgent day;
 The dropping clouds their grateful show'rs distill'd;
 The genial zephyrs warm'd the happy field,
 Unlock'd Earth's fertile womb, so calling forth
 The various vegetating tribes to birth;

Now up the rigid veins, in wonted course,
Slowly ascends the vital sap, by force
Absorbent drawn; now here and there appear
The tender buds, and speak the summer near;
And now the fresh unfolding leaves adorn,
With a gay veil of green, the spiky thorn.

THE summer dawns, and now the potent ray
Exalts thy sweets, and calls thee forth to day;
In fragrance rich, in loveliest colours clad,
Thy glowing bosom to the sunbeam spread,
Charm'd we behold thee; grateful odours rise,
And on soft swelling gales ascend the skies.
Beauteous all o'er the lowly shrub is seen;
The crimson blossom, and the foliage green,
Smiling with sweet diversity appear,
The brightest glory of the blooming year.

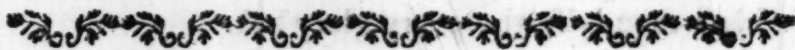
BUT ah! dear short-liv'd subject of my verse,
Why fade thy charms while I their sweets rehearse?
Frail transient beauty of a summer's day,
At once I sing thy bloom, and mourn thy quick decay.
No more thy leaves drink up the morning dew;
No more thy bright vermilion taint we view;
No more a grateful fragrance canst thou boast;
Useless thou ly'st, thy every glory lost.

SWEET flower! in thy decay too plain I see
Th' inevitable fate that waits on me.
Yet some poor minutes hence (the powers divine
Can tell how many) and thy fate is mine.
Should lively vigour for a while remain,
Nor by pale sickness hurt, nor racking pain,
Soon shall old-age this healthful bloom destroy,
And waste with rigid hand life's every joy;
Youth's pleasing follies, love's sweet cares be o'er,
And the once-tuneful muse inspire no more;

Feebler each pulse, and fainter every breath,
Till, with victorious hand, impartial Death,
Severely kind, stop short the doubtful strife,
And terminate the long disease of life.

THOU too, my Celia, dear, adored maid!
Ev'n thou (a lovelier though the gods ne'er made)
Must yield to cruel time's wide-wasting rage,
And feel the pressure of invading age.
But there's a beauty which can time defy;
The beauty of the soul can never die.
While others glory in a matchless face,
Too negligent of each superior grace,
Be god-like virtue your peculiar care;
Virtue alone can make divinely fair.

WHEN beauty's charms decay, as soon they must,
And all its glory's humbled in the dust,
The virtuous mind, beyond the rage of time,
Shall ever blossom in a happier clime,
Whose never-fading joys no tongue can tell;
Where everlasting youth and beauty dwell;
Where pain and sorrow never more shall move,
But all is pleasure, harmony, and love.



On Mirth.

LET others, anxious for a lasting name,
Bow down submissive at the gate of fame;
Immortal wreaths beseech her to entwine,
And make their future memories divine;
What boots the bubble praise that fame can give,
That praise unheard, when they no longer live!
As to myself, when I resign my breath,
And lie extended in the house of Death,

I value not what friend (if friend I have)
With fading flowers may idly dress my grave;
Or who awhile may quote my trifling lays,
And kindly give some little share of praise:
So little fond of what the world calls Fame,
As dies my body, so I wish my name.
Mean while, each brisk emotion as I feel,
I'll pay with Mirth, and trip up Sorrow's heel.
Sure some blithe spirit smil'd upon my birth;
For since I rambled on this speck of earth,
I've lov'd to laugh, tho' Care stood frowning by,
And pale Misfortune roll'd her meager eye.

WHILE easy Conscience builds her easy nest
Within my bosom, and sits there at rest,
Why not indulge the fallies of the soul?
Why stop the tides of pleasure as they roll?
Shall peevish veterans, of rigid mould,
Who think all wisdom center'd in the old,
Shall such (though aged merit I revere)
Blockade my fancy in its bold career?
No:—light of heart, as long as health remains,
And guides her puppet spirits through my veins;
Thro' life's thick bustle I will edge my way,
And join the laughing chorus of the day:
Though short liv'd wit should ridicule my name,
And strive to brand me with the mark of shame;
Though fools, who form no judgment of their own,
Whom nature never meant to think alone;
Who deal out praise at random, or condemn
(Or right, or wrong, 'tis all the same to them)
Though such insult me, calmly shall I sit,
And grin at folly, as I laugh at wit.

WITH just so much religion in my heart,
As will, I trust, secure my deathless part;

With pure contentment ever in my sight,
 That makes the weight of poverty seem light;
 With two such friends, ye grave ones, tell me why,
 Tell me, in sober sadness, shall I cry?



The Modern Fine Gentleman.

JUST brought from school, pert, impudent, and
 raw,
 Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
 His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
 Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before:
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth:
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

NEXT, because business now is all in vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make the accomplish'd gentleman compleat.
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
 Tho' shallow, muddy; brisk, tho' mighty dull;
 Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
Kings, Lords, and Commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail ties. }
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

DEVOTED thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.

THUS poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

AND yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;

On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
 With his estate his int'rest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
 His independent voters cease to roar:
 And Britain soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty and eloquence,
 But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown }
 For public liberty, than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone:
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Cortius, for its
 fake.

QUICKLY again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort, }
 Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support:
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list inroll'd he stands;
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now, arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
 But silent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
 In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade:
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he would:

Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes
spent,

And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
Lays wagers on his own, and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives,
Till death, at length indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
Who, groaning for the betts he loses, dies.

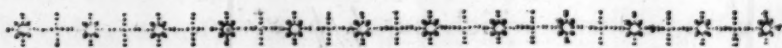


The Rookery.

OH thou who dwell'st upon the bough,
Whose tree does wave its verdant brow,
And spreading shades the distant brook,
Accept these lines, dear sister Rook!
And when thou'lt read my mournful lay,
Extend thy wing and fly away,
Left pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,
Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot;
Left in thy rook'ry be renew'd,
The tragic scene which here I view'd.

THE day declin'd, the evening breeze
Gently rock'd the silent trees,
While spreading o'er my peopled nest,
I hush'd my callow young to rest:
When suddenly an hostile sound,
Explosion dire! was heard around:
And level'd by the hand of Fate,
The angry bullets pierc'd my mate;
I saw him fall from spray to spray,
Till on the distant ground he lay:

With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,
 And never caw'd to me again.
 Many a neighbour, many a friend,
 Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end:
 All screaming, omen'd notes of woe,
 'Gainst man our unrelenting foe:
 These eyes beheld my pretty brood,
 Flutt'ring in their guiltless blood:
 While trembling on the shatter'd tree,
 At length the gun invaded me;
 But wayward Fate, severely kind,
 Refus'd the death I wish'd to find:
 Oh! farewell pleasure; peace, farewell,
 And with the gory raven dwell.
 Was it for this I shun'd retreat,
 And fix'd near man my social seat!
 For this destroy'd the insect train,
 That eat unseen the infant grain!
 For this, with many an honest note,
 Issuing from my artless throat,
 I hear'd my lady, list'ning near,
 Working in her elbow chair!



The Lover and the Friend.

I.

ENDU'D with all that could adorn
 Or bless, the first and fairest born!
 A soul! that looks superior down,
 Let giddy fortune smile or frown;
 With age's wisdom, not her years,
 Stella, all excellence appears;

Then, who can blame me, if I blend
The name of Lover with the Friend?

II.

Like Noah's dove, my busy breast
Has rov'd to find a place of rest!
Some faithful bosom, to repose,
And hush, the family of woes.
Then, do I dream? or, have I found
The fair and hospitable ground?
Ah! quit your sex's rules, and lend
A Lover's wishes to the Friend.

III.

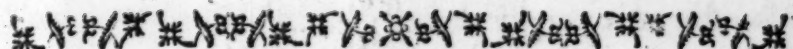
Absence I try'd,—but try'd in vain!
It heals not, but upbraids my pain;
For thee! I'd bear the reaper's toil;
For thee! consume the midnight oil;
Then, to your judgment, wou'd I owe
All that I read, and write, and know;
Can those who wish, like me, pretend
To part the Lover and the Friend?

IV.

Come, then! and let us dare to prove
Disinterested sweets of love;
For, gen'rous love no dwelling finds
In poor and mercenary minds:
Laugh at life's idle flutt'ring things;
Look down with pity upon kings;
Careless! who like, or discommend,
Blest in the Lover and the Friend!

V.

Oh! come, and we'll together haste,
O'er life's uncomfortable waste:
Bear the sharp thorn, to find the rose,
And smile at transitory woes;



Ode to Fancy.

O PARENT of each lovely muse!
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
 O'er all my artless songs preside;
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer, at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flow'rs and honey from the rock:
 O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh garlands blow
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea;
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes:
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water, you reside;
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene!
 With green and grassy dales between;
 'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke;
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd;

Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne:
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer! tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each ev'ning warb'ling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser thro' a faery grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear -
Strange music whisper'd in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each ev'ning meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads;
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Lift'ning to the shepherd's song.

YET not these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh.

Let us with silent footsteps go,
To charnels, and the house of woe;
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek:
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tott'ring wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat:
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear;
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
"Give me another horse," I cry,
"Lo! the base Gallie squadrons fly."
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O GUIDE me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,

Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun:
The pangs of absence, O remove!
For thou can'st place me near my love;
Can'st fold in visionary blifs,
And let me think I steal a kifs;
While her ruby lips dispence
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic Maid!
Without thy powerful vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.
O hear our pray'r! O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave:
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,

May rise above the rhyming throng,
 And with some new unequall'd song
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love :
 O deign t'attend his ev'ning walk ;
 With him in groves and grottos talk :
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;
 Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critic's study'd laws :
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,
 O bid Britannia rival Greece !



The Mouse and Oysters.

TWAS when the veil of night o'erspread the
 plain,
 When bats and fairies, mice and Morpheus reign ;
 When lab'ring herds forget the toils of day,
 And Philomel begins her love-sick lay ;
 While the hush winds in peaceful slumbers dwell,
 And beding crickets sound the midnight bell ;
 'Twas then a daring mouse, that long defy'd
 The various stratagems which Kate had try'd,
 His destin'd doom receiv'd ; for soon or late
 Both mice and monarchs must submit to fate.
 Oft was the morn with silver lustre crown'd,
 Since the nocturnal pirate walk'd his round :

Soon as his foe, the fun, had took his flight,
Trips forth the little champion of the night
With cautious tread, secure from fell mishap
Of pufs, of poison, or tremendous trap;
Still at the head of his rapacious clan,
He skipp'd from shelf to shelf, and pan to pan;
With noise sagacious, smok'd the baited gin,
Wary and conscious of the snare within:
Now feasts on rich variety of meats,
And oft in cheese his habitation eats;
Regales on floods of cream, ragouts, and cakes,
Of all the dainties of the day partakes;
Now storms rich conserves with voluptuous taste,
And saps the tender tenements of paste;
Puddings in vain that come but once a week,
In cupboard high a sanctuary seek;
Where locks and bolts a passage have forbid,
He knows admission in a time of need.
'Thus long unharmed, the epicure patroll'd,
And fearless o'er his silent suburbs stroll'd;
Luxurious nights in pleasing plunder pass,
Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his last;
For now the time, the destin'd time was sent,
So fate ordain'd; and who can fate prevent?
'Thick shades once more had veil'd the haunted house,
Once more from covert bolts th' advent'rous mouse;
Lighting in evil hour, in quest of prey,
Where, in a groupe, th' avenging oysters lay.
The fish, commission'd from the wat'ry throng,
With regiment of scaly armour strong,
Lay with expanded jaws, and gaping shell;
(But who the sad catastrophe can tell?)
'Thus lies the dreadful monster of Nile's flood,
With open mouth extended on the mud.

The dainty mouse, still craving some new dish,
Enters the gloomy mansion of the fish;
With beard exploring, and with luscious lip,
He longs the pickle of the seas to sip;
Rouz'd by his tusks, th' elastic oyster fell,
And caught the caitiff's head in wat'ry cell;
In vain the victim labours to get free
From durance hard, and dread captivity;
Lock'd in the close embrace, ensnar'd he lies
In pill'ry safe, pants, struggles, squeaks and dies.
Thus the just fate of his own crime he meets,
Like rakes expiring in destructive sweets:
Hence let ambitious minds, the tale who hear,
This moral learn, To move within their sphere.



The Tempest.

TWas midnight's hour, and o'er the placid deep,
A solemn silence reign'd; creation's sleep!
High in the blue expanse, the silver moon
Radiant amidst the lesser planets shone,
And o'er the dusky visage of the night,
Diffus'd a pleasing melancholy light.

THROUGH the smooth flood, by prosp'rous gales
propell'd,
Our stately bark, a moving wonder sail'd,
Whilst on her lofty sides, in idle play,
The waves curl'd bland, and gently pass'd away;
Stretch'd on the deck, the watch, their mates among,
Quaff the full bowl, or tune the mirthful song,
Or active bounding to the artless lay,
In rustic measures dance the hours away;

Or circling round the man of stories press,
Whose each new wonder makes the former less;
Or, fancy-led, the wish'd-for port they gain,
The end of all their labour and their pain;
Already in th' ideal grasp they hold,
The tender consort, or the parent fold,
Each to his wishes blest, will then no more
The dangers of the faithless deep explore:
Thus wrapt in full security they fate,
And held the visions of the mind for fate.
Fond men! secure they now would ever last,
Blind to the future, thoughtless of the past!

WHEN from the madd'ed south with dabbled wings,
Lo! furious Auster unexpected springs
In blust'rous rage! alarm'd all ocean rose,
And nature started from her calm repose!
Deep through th' aerial vault the thunders roll,
And forked lightnings dart from either pole.

Now (the dire clash of elements begun,)
From th' ætherial space, the silver moon,
Cloud-wrapt retiring (sicken'd at the sight,)
Resign'd us up to chaos and to night;
'The waves no longer now in idle play,
Curl bland against the ship, and pass away,
But by the force of the encreasing gale,
To mountains grown, the top-mast's height assail.
In vain (regardless of the helm) we try'd
O'er the mad surge the bounding bark to guide,
In whirling eddies tost, she giddy turns,
And all the pilot's art to rule her scorns;
While helpless we, and impotent to save,
Drive at the mercy of th' insulting wave.
The rider thus, whose fiery steed disdains,
An even course, indignant of the reins,
Headlong is hurried o'er the distant plains:

}

In vain to check his flight the curb he tries,
 Now here, now there the bounding courser flies,
 Nor feels the checking curb, or feeling it, defies.
 Soon as new fails (the last resort) we bend,
 Torn from the yards, we see the canvass rend,
 The flitting remnants bear our hopes away,
 And leave us sunk in horror and dismay.
 Asunder next, the cracking cordage flies,
 And the tall mast, late tow'ring to the skies,
 Prone o'er the side a cumbrous ruin lies.
 The lab'ring hull, now stagg'ring to and fro,
 Aloft now mounting, now absorb'd below,
 As o'er her decks, the whole-collected deep,
 (Resistless torrent!) seems at once to sweep;
 Whilst, from above, the clouds incessant pour,
 In dreadful cataracls their watry store.

AND thus the sport of heav'n and ocean tost,
 Wave-mounted, in the clouds awhile we're lost,
 Then, plung'd unfathomable depths below!
 Hurl'd headlong through the watry abyss go,
 Dreary and vast! where heighten'd by our fears,
 Death in a thousand vary'd forms appears.

As bursting livid through the gloom of night,
 A blaze of meteors flash, terrific light!

Trembling we eyed each big approaching wave,
 As that by fate decreed to be our grave,
 Whilst conscious guilt redoubled horrors gave.

Now lost to hope, presumption humbled lies!

And heav'n we seek with supplicating cries:

'O thou! to whom creation's ways are known,

'And jarring elements subjection own,

'Propitious in this hour of need befriend,

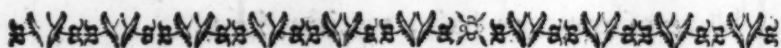
'And rise supreme where human efforts end!

Thus we in anguish breath'd the fervent pray'r,

When heav'n, all gracious, lent the pitying ear:

O'er the rude deep, the sacred mandate went,
 The winds were hush'd, and ocean's fury spent,
 The storm subsides: Our trembling bark no more
 By tempest shaken, labours as before:
 The clouds no more in deluges descend,
 But, with the waves, their dreadful conflict end:
 The languid lightnings now innoxious play,
 And harmless thunders distant roll away.
 All's calm: And hope again in ev'ry breast
 Her seat resuming, (heav'n deputed guest!)
 Gave us, so lately number'd with the dead,
 Once more to raise the grave-devoted head,
 To life restor'd; and (far more priz'd than life)
 The converse of the parent, friend, and wife.

Now through the rosy portals of the East,
 The glorious sun, in gold and azure drest,
 Resplendent issuing, as a bridegroom gay,
 To our cheer'd souls announced returning day.
 When at his bright approach the sable night,
 With all her train of horrors took their flight,
 All nature smil'd to see her peace restor'd,
 And prostrate we the hand of heav'n ador'd.



On Time:

THOUGH Time in haste for ever glides along,
 Nor heeds my subject, nor attends my song;
 Incessant still beneath my searches floats,
 Wastes in my hands, and fades upon my thoughts;
 Yet would I, muse, the wond'rous theme essay,
 And to the fleeting phantom lend my lay.
 Through all the revolutions, pains, and strife,
 That or befall, or busy human life,

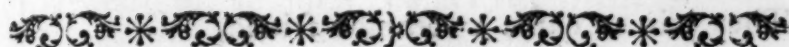
Whether we chase our joys, or tempt our woes,
Pursue our toil, or deviate to repose,
To manhood rise, or verge beyond our prime,
One tide transports us, and that tide is Time.
Of this consist our dates, in this commence,
'Tis what admits us here, what bears us hence;
Involves us in an unrelaxing course;
And what's exempt from 'Time's imperial force?
Wide as th' extent of nature's fair array,
'Th' unweary'd trav'ler spreads his airy way;
By nought controul'd, one rigid motion keeps,
And matter moulders where his pinion sweeps.
For him fierce lightnings cleave the sultry air,
For him the total band of meteors war;
For him, successive seasons, as they stray,
Or scatter genial life, or reap decay.
And as in forests we promiscuous see
The shooting scyon, and the shiver'd tree;
Or midst a silent shower, as rise and break
The bubbles various on the level lake;
So births and deaths, an intermingled train,
For ever swell the records of his reign.
Amongst the stars, or underneath the sun,
Whate'er is suffer'd, or whate'er is done;
Events or actions, all the vast amount
But stretch his scroll, and add to his account.
Yet while his stern vicissitudes advance
O'er ev'ry orb, through all the vast expanse,
While scenes succeed to scenes, and forms to forms,
And other thunders roll, and other storms,
Se late he triumphs o'er the general frame,
And, changing all things, is himself the same.
Fain would the learn'd th' ideal power define,
And on the mighty measure cast their line.

With emulous ardour on the task they wait,
Contrive their circles, and their æra's state;
From these compute, by those the tale devise.
And vaunt to match our annals with the skies:
Yet ever devious miss the promis'd end,
Though Meto plan, and though Clappius mend;
Though antient periods be reform'd by new,
And Greg'ry polish, what Hipparchus drew.
Schemes rais'd on schemes, see endless error start,
And reg'lar nature mocks the boast of art;
In what regard the works of mortals stand
To this great fabrick of the Almighty's hand,
Is his to view: and sure to him alone
His world, and all its relatives, are known;
And acts and things distant before him lie,
And Time itself retires not from his eye.
But whence, oh muse, celestial voice! rehearse,
That speak'st the theme, and aid'st the sacred verse,
Whence this progressive Now, untaught to stay,
This glimmering shadow of eternal day?
When first th'Almighty from the womb of night,
Bade infant-nature hear, and spring to light,
Her place he sever'd from the boundless waste,
And, from eternity, her Time to last;
'Twas then it issu'd on the new-form'd stage,
With her coeval, and itself her age;
Ordain'd o'er ether, air, and earth to range,
The scope of ev'ry life, and ev'ry change.
Its progress note; th'illustrious globes above,
Shine in its shade, and in its shadow move;
With stated pace around their orbits play,
And waste th' impatient moments on their way,
While to a new eternity consign'd,
They haste from that before, to that behind.

So where some streight its ev'ry channel draws,
From main to main th' impetuous waters pass;
Yet rush but to return from whence they came,
The mighty ocean's diff'rent, and the same.
See Time launch'd forth in solemn pömp proceed,
And man on man advance, and deed on deed!
No pause, no rest in all the world appears,
Ev'n long-liv'd patriarchs waste their thousand years.
If Babel's tow'r no more with heav'n contends,
In spiry heights a Nineveh ascends:
See in their fires each future nation stray,
And or desert, or meet the morning ray!
Or visit Lybia's sands, or Sythia's snows,
And brethren scatter that must soon be foes;
See other kings hold other crowns in chains!
And Nimrod but the first of monarchs reigns.
These suns behold a Cyrus lord of all;
These view young Ammon triumph o'er the ball:
Now haughty Rome in martial rigour frowns,
And bears down pow'rful states, and treads on crowns;
Bids mighty cities in a flame expire,
Nor dreams of Vandal rage, nor Gothick fire.
Mankind and theirs possess one common thrall:
And, like the gods that sway them, empires fall,
Some periods void of science, and of fame,
Scarce e'er exist, or leave behind a name;
Mere sluggish rounds to let succession climb;
Obscure and idle expletives of time.
Others behold each nobler genius thrive,
And in their gen'rous labours long survive,
By learning grac'd extend a distant light,
And circling Science has her day and night.
Rise, rise, ye dear contemporaries, rise!
On whom devolve these seasons and these skies!

Affert the portion destin'd to your share,
And make the honour of the times your care;
Be each great end pursu'd, each art sustain'd,
As when Augustus or Eliza reign'd;
When lofty Varius shone the Roman boast,
Or Bacon furnish'd what must ne'er be lost:
Be by each future age your worth confest,
Or bless the present, and by those be blest.
Still be your darling study nature's laws,
And to its fountain trace up ev'ry cause:
Explore, for such it is, this high abode,
And tread the paths that Boyle and Newton trod.
Lo, earth smiles wide, and radiant heaven looks down,
All fair, all gay, and urgent to be known!
Attend, and here are sown delights immense,
For ev'ry intellect and ev'ry sense.
With adoration think, with rapture gaze,
And hear all nature chaunt her Maker's praise.
With reason stor'd, by love of knowledge fir'd,
By dread awaken'd, and by hope inspir'd,
Can we, the product of another's hand,
Nor whence, nor how, nor why we are, demand?
And, not at all, or not aright, employ'd,
Behold a length of years, and all a void?

HAPPY, thrice happy he! whose conscious heart
Enquires his purpose, and discerns his part;
Who runs with heed th' involuntary race,
Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass;
Weighs how they steal away, how sure, how fast,
And, as he weighs them, apprehends the last:
Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly;
We may be negligent, but we must die.



The Female-Drum: or, The Origin of Cards. A Tale.

THOU, whom to counsel is to praise,
 With candour view these friendly lays,
 Nor, from the vice of gaming free,
 Believe the satire points at thee;
 Who truth and worth betimes can't prize,
 Nor yet too sprightly to be wise.
 But hear this tale of antient time,
 Nor think it vain, though told in rhyme.

ELATE with wide-extended pow'r,
 Sworn rivals from the natal hour,
 Av'rice and Sloth, with hostile art
 Contended long for woman's heart:
 She fond of wealth, afraid of toil,
 Still shifted the capricious smile;
 By turns, to each the heart was sold,
 Now bought with ease, and now with gold,
 Scarce either grasp the sov'reign sway,
 When chance revers'd the prosp'rous day.
 The doubtful strife was still renew'd,
 Each baffled oft, but ne'er subdu'd.
 When Av'rice shew'd the glitt'ring prize,
 And hopes and fears began to rise,
 Sloth shed on ev'ry busy sense
 The gentle balm of indolence.
 When Sloth had screen'd, with artful night,
 The soft pavilion of delight,
 Stern Av'rice, with reproachful frown,
 Would scatter thorns amongst her down.

THUS each by turns the realm controul'd,
 Which each in turn despair'd to hold;

At length unable to contend,
They join to chuse a common friend,
To close, in love, the long debate,
Such love, as mutual fears create.
A friend they chose, a friend to both,
Of Av'rice born, and nurs'd by Sloth;
An artful nymph, whose reign began
When Wisdom ceas'd to dwell with man;
In Wisdom's awful robes array'd,
She rules o'er politics and trade;
And, by the name of Cunning known,
Makes wealth and fame, and pow'r her own.

IN quest of Cunning then they rove
O'er all the windings of the grove,
Where twining boughs their shades unite,
For Cunning ever flies the light.
At length through maze perplex'd with maze,
Through tracts confus'd, and private ways,
With sinking hearts and weary feet,
They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat.
There, watchful at the gate, they find
Suspicion, with her eyes behind;
And wild Alarm awaking, blows
The trump that shakes the world's repose.

THE guests well-known salute the guard,
The hundred gates are soon unbarr'd;
Through half the gloomy cave they press,
And reach the wily queen's recess.
The wily queen disturb'd they view
With schemes to fly, though none pursue;
And, in perpetual care to hide
What none will ever seek, employ'd.

“GREAT queen! (they pray'd) our feuds compose,
“And let us never more be foes.”

"This hour, (she cries) your discord ends,
"Henceforth, be Sloth and Av'rice friends;
"Henceforth, with equal pride, prepare
"To rule at once the captive-fair."

TH' attentive pow'rs in silence heard,
Nor utter'd what they hop'd or fear'd,
But search in vain the dark decree,
For Cunning loves obscurity;
Nor would she soon her laws explain,
For Cunning ever joys to pain.

SHE then before their wond'ring eyes,
Bids piles of painted paper rise;
"Search now these heaps, (she cries) here find
"Fit emblem of your pow'r combin'd."
The heap to Av'rice first she gave,
Who soon descry'd her darling knave;
And Sloth, ere envy long could sting,
With joyful eyes beheld a king.

"THESE gifts (said Cunning) bear away,
"Sure engines of despotick sway;
"These charms dispense o'er all the ball,
"Secure to rule, where-e'er they fall.
"The love of cards let Sloth infuse,
"The love of money soon ensues;
"The strong desire shall ne'er decay,
"Who plays to win, shall win to play;
"The breast, where love had plann'd his reign,
"Shall burn unquench'd with lust of gain;
"And all the charms that wit can boast,
"In dreams of better luck be lost."

THUS, neither innocent nor gay,
The useless hours shall fleet away,
While Time o'erlooks the jovial strife,
And, scoffing, shakes the sand of life;

'Till the wan maid, whose early bloom
The vigils of quadrille consume,
Exhausted, by the pangs of play,
To Sloth and Av'rice falls a prey.



*Wrote on a Tomb stone where is laid the Skull of a
Man.*

WHY start! The case is yours, or will be soon,
Some years perhaps—perhaps another moon.
Life in its utmost span is but a breath,
And they who longest dream, must wake in death.
Like you I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
And gold of ev'ry ill the certain cure;
'Till steep'd in sorrows and besieg'd with pain,
Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
Disease with scorn threw back the fordid fee,
And Death still answer'd, What is gold to me?
Fame, titles, honours next I vainly fought,
And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought.
Circled with brib'd applause and purchas'd praise,
I built on endless grandeur endless days;
But death awak'd me from a dream of pride,
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.
Pleasure I courted and obey'd my taste,
'The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.
A loathsome carcase was my constant care,
And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.
Go on, vain man, in luxury be firm,
Yet know I feasted, but to feast a worm.
Already sure less terrible I seem,
And you like me can own that life's a dream.

Whether that dream may boast the longest date:
Farewell, remember lest you wake too late.



*Wrote on another Tomb-stone where is laid the Skull
of a Woman.*

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise;
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.
Fame says, and Fame alone—can tell how true,
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you.
Where are my vot'ries—where my flatt'ers now?
Gone with the subject of each lover's vow.
Adieu the roses red, and lillies white,
Adieu those eyes, which made the darkness light.
No more alas! that coral lip is seen,
Nor longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me,
At once what thousands can't, or dare not see.
Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart.
Survey me well—ye fair ones, and believe,
The grave may terrify—but can't deceive.
On beauty's fragile base no more depend,
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;
Here drops the mask—here shuts the final scene,
Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.
All press alike to that some goal the tomb,
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore
Learn here the lesson to be vain no more.
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
And even lend mortality a charm.



To-morrow.

TO-morrow didst thou say?
 Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.
 Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
 —'Tis a sharper that stakes his penury
 Against thy plenty; that takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and pro-
 mises,
 The currency of idiots.—Injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor!—to-morrow!
 It is a period no where to be found,
 Unless perchance in the fool's kalendar.
 Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it—No, Horatio,
 'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father,
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

BUT soft, my friend,—arrest the present mo-
 ments,
 For, be assured, they are arrant tell-tales,
 And though their flight be silent, and their path
 Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
 They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
 For that thou, like a faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd:
 And know, because thou slumberdst on thy watch,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
 THEN stay the present instant, my Horatio!

Imprint the mark of wisdom on its wings:
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms; far more precious
 Than all the crimson treasure of life's fountain.
 Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the dear angel fast, until he bless thee.



Yesterday.

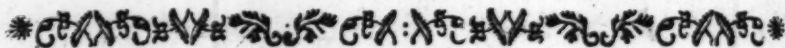
WELL—yesterday is pass'd and cannot be
 Recall'd.—What did we yesterday, Horatio?
 Did we, or good, or bad?—Let us reflect—
 It must not be forgot; for in the book
 Of heav'n 'tis minuted.—Did we transgress?
 Doubtless we did—but heaven is merciful:
 Yet let us not abuse heaven's mercy: our duty
 Is repentance—What is repentance, askst thou?—
 To mourn the follies past, prevent the future.—
 'Prevent the future,' mind; for cries and tears
 Alone are vain—yet who can think to have
 Incens'd the universal sovereign,
 Without a flood of tears?—At every fault
 Of mine, whenever I remember it,
 My heart weeps blood.—Then let us in to penitence.

BUT, sure, we have not always sinn'd—not always.
 Some good we do—I yesterday reliev'd
 A censur'd friend; his crime was poverty;
 And with my gold, I gave him reformation
 In the world's eye, and reconcil'd it to him.

AND thou, Horatio—'twas a noble act—
 Didst save a beauteous maid from violation.
 Oh, how her virtue struggled with her want,

That most inhuman tyrant! O Want!
 Thy whips cut deep, and force the wise and good
 Oft to obey thee, in deeds their souls abhor.
 ' My poverty, but not my will, consents *,'
 Sings ' Fancy's sweetest child †'—Accursing Want,
 Had not thy powerful aid prevented it,
 Had surely forc'd her.

LET us persist in actions such as these:
 So shall to-morrow, smiling, yield us comfort;
 And every day the same—'till death, the friend,
 The truest friend to innocence and virtue,
 Shall come, benign, to usher to the court
 Of the celestial prince, whose plaudit waits us,
 And all the host of heaven shall shout us, welcome!



An Elegy to an old Beauty.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
 If truth in spite of manners must be told,
 Why really fifty-five is something old.

ONCE you were young; or one whose life's so long
 She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
 And once (since Envy's dead before you die,)
 The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
 Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple lip—

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;

* The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

† Shakespear, so called by Milton in his *L'Allegro*.

Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And Airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

BUT thou (since Nature bids) the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, (or such as pleases more)
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature Man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sidelong courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days, she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue
Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage;
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.

HENCEFORTH, retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake;)

Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young;
And view the Shade and Substance as you pass
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'T WAS thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wife Athenian crost a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongues and fights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And What a world I never want? he cries;
But cries unheard: for Folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in Wisdom, and they whirl'd by Whim.



The Parting.

A DIEU, my fair! this hapless day
Tears me from all my joys away,
Remov'd from Love and thee:
Who knows, O—cause of all my pain,
If thou wilt hear me once complain,
Or lose one thought on me!

Yet, to regain my lost repose,
My pensive mind shall soothe its woes,

For ever fix'd on thee;
On thee shall every thought attend;
But wilt thou ever condescend
To fix one thought on me?

On distant shores my mournful groans
Shall ask the melancholy stones,
Where can my charmer be?
From morn to eve my search shall last;
But who can tell if thou wilt cast
One single thought on me!

In fancied scenes the happy spot,
Where thou and bliss were once my lot,
My cheated mind shall see;
A thousand thoughts shall wake my pain;
But who can tell if thou wilt deign
To fix one thought on me!

'There, shall I say, in yonder grove,
'To all my tender tales of love,
'Disdainful would she be;
'Yet soon her gentle hand I press'd,
'Again, I hop'd;—but can her breast
'Retain one thought of me!'

Where'er thou goest, in every land,
What numerous slaves to thy command
Thy conquering eyes shall see!
Ye gods! who knows, if, fair and young,
Thy heart, 'midst such a flattering throng,
Will keep one thought for me!

Yet think thy lover's only aim
Was a pure, generous mutual flame,

And what his pains must be;
 Think what he feels at this farewell;
 'Think, dearest maid;—Ah! who can tell
 If e'er thou'lt think on me!



Fidelia.

THE rolling year again brought on the day,
 That snatch'd from Lucius half his soul away;
 That day on which he mournful vigils kept,
 And o'er Fidelia's tomb in anguish wept:
 Fidelia gone! Life is to him no more,
 Than a lone walk upon a dreary shore.

DEEP silence reign'd, the midnight hour was past,
 And darkness o'er the globe her veil had cast;
 In vain the peaceful bed invites to rest,——
 No room for peace in woe-fraught Lucius' breast;
 Sigh follows sigh, and groan responses groan,
 Nor wonder, since from earth Fidelia's flown;
 When sudden, quick as light'ning to his sight
 (Darkness dispell'd) a vision heavenly bright
 Stood at his feet; the smiling form he knew,
 And all Fidelia brightens to his view;
 His pulses flutt'ring beat, he wou'd have spoke,
 But wild amaze his half-form'd accents choak;
 When thus, in sounds which long had bless'd his ear,
 The vision strives her Lucius's breast to cheer.

' CAN sight of me, the lovely phantom said,
 ' (And smiling spoke) in Lucius raise a dread?—
 ' With smiles my Lucius erst was wont to greet,
 ' And his Fidelia still with raptures meet;

‘ In me the same Fidelia you view,
‘ As loving, kind, as friendly, and as true.

‘ THAT hour, that long-wish’d hour, which kindly gave,
‘ My soul to heaven, my body to the grave;
‘ To hear the groans that rent your throbbing breast,
‘ While in your arms my pulseless corps you prest;
‘ While fix’d on me alone you groan’d despair,
‘ My pitying soul still hover’d in the air,
‘ Almost-reluctant flew to joys above,
‘ For Lucius shar’d with heaven Fidelia’s love.

‘ YOUR sighs, your pray’rs, by me convey’d to heav’n,
‘ Once more to earth Fidelia have given;
‘ The heavenly balm of lenient hope to pour,
‘ And peace, long banish’d, to your soul restore.

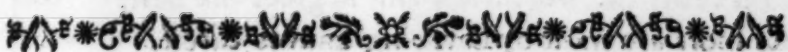
‘ DID mortals know their Maker, they’d revere,
‘ And glow with grateful love, devoid of fear;
‘ How merciful! How loving to mankind!
‘ Their God! Creator! Parent and their friend!—
‘ No bug-bear tyrant thirsting after blood,
‘ But a kind father, merciful and good.

‘ How then can man ungratefully presume
‘ To paint th’Almighty with a demon’s gloom?
‘ How can he impiously a tyrant call,
‘ That God who into being smil’d us all.
‘ How with a jaundic’d eye to heaven impart,
‘ A cheerless picture from a cheerless heart?
‘ Or when mean selfish views the world deceive,
‘ Or force with threats their vot’ries—to believe.

' WHEN death my Lucius from his chains shall
 free,
 ' And give him to immortal joys and me;——
 ' (Oh, let not death my Lucius affright,
 ' Death is our angel-guide to realms of light)
 ' With love seraphic shall Fidelia tend,
 ' And lead to raptures which shall never end;
 ' Through fields of ether infinite to rove;
 ' New scenes of ever-varying bliss to prove:
 ' But what those joys, or from what fountains flow,
 ' Must ne'er, so heav'n ordains, transpire below;—
 ' If known, mortals would burst their chains of clay,
 ' And rush, unbidden, to the realms of day.

' LET Lucius then with resignation wait,
 ' Till death to joys immortal shall translate;
 ' And when heav'n calls to a celestial birth,
 ' And bids release from cares, from pain and earth,
 ' Boldly launch forth: Fear nothing; hope the best;
 ' By me heaven thus commands,——' Hope and be
 blest.'——

. SHE smil'd, she wav'd her hand, and sudden night,
 Conceal'd the lovely image from his sight:
 Her words to peace his anxious soul restor'd,
 And, kneeling, heaven with gratitude he strait a-
 dor'd.



The Last Guinea.

P OOR relief of my once known yellow store,
 Must thou be chang'd, and I have gold no more?
 To earn thee, oft I've exercis'd my brain,
 Small the reward, but grateful was the pain;
 Thou hast reliev'd the troubles of the day,
 And sooth'd my soul whilst I in slumbers lay;
 In storms at sea, and journeys on the land,
 I had a friend, whilst I could thee command;
 I've prov'd thy guide, and thou my ready guard,
 And, that we now should part, is wond'rous hard.

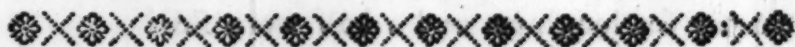
THOU art a Charles—he was a gen'rous man,
 But much he suffer'd e'er his reign began;
 May that to me a change of fate portend,
 May days of want in years of plenty end;
 The image bears the greatness of his mind,
 It seems to smile, and labour to be kind;
 Here on this side you boast the herald's part,
 But that's no cordial to a poor man's heart;
 Here lions couch, and there a lion roars,
 Men rage in want, and are serene in stores;
 No fading thing in greatness can endure,
 Who's rich to-day, to-morrow may be poor;
 The harp there bends its melancholy strings,
 Ah! musick sadness to the thoughtful brings.

YOU guineas are good-natured easy folks,
 Your principle no company provokes;
 You have no conscience, tho' an human shape;
 Are single dumb, but rattle in a heap:
 You come with pleasure, and depart with pain,
 As lovers meet, and take their leave again;

You court the worthless, and neglect the best,
As fools are most by flatt'ring knaves carest.
They keep you best, who least can you employ,
As eunuchs guard the fair they can't enjoy;
When most secure, you frequently are stole,
As accidents our purpos'd joys controul;
Of every virtue you supply the place,
Wit to the mind, and beauty to the face.
When thou art chang'd, exert for me thy pow'r,
In deeds a guinea ne'er essay'd before;
The world you know, each old acquaintance find,
Search every treasure, gather every friend;
Till shining bright with thousands in thy train,
Thou com'st triumphant to my purse again;
If monarch-like you bring attendant bands,
Thy praise shall echo from my busy hands;
And when whole heaps uncelebrated lie,
You shall be sung in verse that ne'er can die.
Alas! this lecture can't my pains abate,
They still increase, as I thy pow'r relate;
Sure, of my grief thou feelst a friendly share,
While thus I sigh, and on thy colour stare;
Thy sympathy I see, thy brightness fails,
And dimness o'er thy radiance now prevails.
'Tis thy compassion hinders thee to melt,
Since want, alas! would then too soon be felt.
Tho' in fine artists seldom you delight,
And hate the poets with a mortal spite;
(An antient plant! deduc'd from time to time,
By the worst right, hereditary rhyme;)
Yet now as conscious of my anxious pain,
'Thou pity tak'st, and gladly would'st remain:
Now nature calls, and that's a firm decree,
Then, precious piece, once more adieu to thee;

Ah! bring a dram—the sympathizing glass
Trembles like me, and seems to share my case;
Pleasure, farewell, my guinea I deplore,
Who would not mourn, when he has gold no more?
O! may we meet in more auspicious times,
When gold on gold shall strike harmonious chimes,
A sweeter sound than sympathizing rhimes. }
We'll share the joys of a more blissful state,
And wonder at the various turns of fate;
Fortune with fortune pleasantly compare,
Experienc'd grow, and feast in purer air.
These silver shillings with less lustre shine,
Pale as my lips, few days will they be mine;
Ah! then what shall my pockets fresh recruit,
To pay for lodgings, and a half worn suit?
Keep me from jail, be drink of ev'ry sort,
A slice of beef, sometimes a pint of port?
(Misers may quaff the foul insipid beer,
Nectar alone a poet's soul can cheer;
Like Hercules, by an immortal toil,
Give that rude monster, poverty, the foil;) }
And (if the fates should disregard my pray'rs):
At least, a pipe afford, to whiff away my cares!
But now 'tis time that I begin to save,
For wine to silver is a liquid grave;
And when no gold a poet's pocket lines,
'Tis criminal to taste the juice of vines;
All money chang'd the less by changing grows,
And thro' our hands with silent wasting flows;
Like mercury when pour'd upon the floor,
Each stroke divides, and multiplies the store;
Methinks I see these silver friends turn few,
And half-pence them, as they the gold pursue;
Already crowns to shillings have giv'n place,
And these assume the guinea's splendid grace::

Whilst one remains I will not quite despair,
 Hope after hope shall still relieve my care;
 And when they're spent, as dubious of my doom,
 I'll ev'n think what's of ev'ry piece become.
 So men in health ne'er mind how time decays,
 Nor what consumes the treasure of their days;
 Till ebbing life is to the lowest wrought,
 When forms of horror rise in ev'ry thought;
 And in dark shades eternity appears,
 One hour, one moment's worth a length of years;
 In pangs the precious minutes past they view,
 And dreading what's to come, would fain their days
 renew.



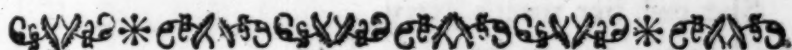
Damon, or the Complaint.

WHEN midnight reign'd, when ev'ry grove
 was still,
 Hush'd the brown vale, and hush'd the moonlight hill,
 (Save where the screech-owl from his lively bow'r,
 Gave deeper horror to the gloomy hour)
 Where wearied hinds securely resting, close
 'The day's long labour in serene repose,
 And sunk in slumber, on her pillow laid,
 Wrapt in soft visions melts th' enamour'd maid,
 Despairing Damon from his cell withdrew,
 And trod in silence o'er the nightly dew.
 Lone by pale Phœbe's friendly lustre led,
 Where the rude grotto form'd a dreary shade,
 Loud, to the peaceful vales, the shepherd sung,
 The vales resounded and the grotto rung.
 O THOU! for whom a thousand swains expire,
 Whose charms unrivall'd, envying maids admire,

Say, what new prospect now delights thine eye?
What plains more pleasing, what serener sky?
Hail! happy land, where Rosalinda roves,
Blest as Arabia with her balmy groves,
Blest as fair India, where rich di'monds glow,
Streams glide o'er gold, and gales ambrosial blow!
Where lives my love, oh! where the close retreat?
Ye breezes, bear me to the blissful seat!
With her what transport in a cottage springs!
Tho' humble, happier than the domes of kings.
Pleas'd would I follow, where my wand'rer flies,
Seek the wild desert and inclement skies,
Tread the bleak soil that never suns illumine,
Where blush no roses, and no myrtles bloom,
Where no white flocks in flow'ry pastures play,
But savage wolves and tygers prowl for prey,
How sad without thee must such scenes appear,
But, be thou present, 'tis elysium there.
Should Rosalinda leave her native shore,
Tho' the storm howls, and billows round me roar,
Storms and the billows would I boldly brave,
O'er-take my love, or die beneath the wave.
What can thy beauties to the shades recall?
If ought of Damon's, oh! accept it all.
My groves embow'ring, and my bloomy vales,
Fill'd with soft songs, and fann'd by gentle gales,
My lambs, that round thee leapt in friskful glee;
Fond of the flow'ry food from none but thee.
The bees' sweet produce that my hives distil,
Sweet as the balm on Hybla's scented hill;
These to my charmer, can I give thee more?
My heart, mean off'ring, was thy own before:
The grove's mild musick, and the blushing vale,
The tree's green foliage, and Etesian gale,

The bow'r wide spreading, and the mazy rill,
The flocks that wanton on the verdant hill :
No longer pleasure to my heart convey,
For what can charm when Rosalind's away?
Joys the lone turtle in the secret shade,
If death the partner of his loves invade?
Ease to my sorrow, slumber only brings,
Then, in fair dreams, thy much lov'd image springs.
Oh! with what joy I hail dim night's return,
How mourn the blushing radiance of the morn :
Haste, haste, fair nymph, my anguish to remove,
A moment's absence is an age in love.
Ah! no, she flies, the fair deceiver flies,
Deaf to my pray'rs, and mindless of my sighs,
Ev'n now, perhaps, some happier swain she warms,
Won to his love, and panting in his arms.
Cares to the winds, and let my breast be gay,
I cry'd exulting, when with me thy stay.
Around me, winter, spread thy surly reign,
Bid the storm ravage ev'ry rural scene:
Nipp'd by the furies of a frosty sky,
Fade, all ye roses, and ye lillies die;
Die the soft musick that delights the shade,
And, sunk in clouds, Apollo hide thy head;
Yet shall sweet pleasure harmonize my soul,
And wing'd with rapture, the gay moments roll;
Fresh, on her cheek, far lovelier roses bloom,
Than, deeply blushing, yonder vales perfume.
Giv'n to the sight, that swelling bosom shews
Yet whiter lillies than the vales disclose.
Her voice is softer than the linnet's lay,
And her eye brighter than the morning ray.
Scarce had I said, what grief my bosom knew,
From hapless Damon, Rosalinda flew.

Thus, when the sky the rising sun regains,
 And flames, with wide effulgence, o'er the plains,
 When swains rejoicing eye th' unclouded ray,
 And lark-like hail with song the glorious day,
 Glooms unexpected shade the shining sky,
 Fades the sweet prospect, and the shepherds sigh.



Bryan and Pereene: A West-Indian Poem.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew flow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall,
 And whofo his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought would ever stray,
 Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blithsome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true,
 Such charms the old world never saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing croud the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she falls, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
 Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
 So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate 'scape you.



Health: An Eclogue.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
 And print long foot-steps in the glitt'ring grass;
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

WHEN Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
 Long was the pleasant walk he wander'd thro',
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
 There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

HBBE wasted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
 Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I;
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling dazies blow beneath the sun,

The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
 High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
 Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
 With various prospect gratify the sight,
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

COME, country Goddess, come; nor thou suffice;
 But bring thy mountain sister, Exercise.
 Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
 And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

LET sloth lie softning 'till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
 Or foster others in luxurious ease;
 I mount the courser, call the deep mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkenell'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
 To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
 To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
 'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
 And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.
 Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

OH come, thou Goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plait my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her this summer-feat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great,
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove;
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight:
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow turns to song.
Here beauteous health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.



*A Night-Piece on Death.*

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the fages o'er:
Their books from Wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where Wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night,
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-fad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee they life possést,
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."
Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground.

Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where Toil and Poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our sett of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle Race of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

THE marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the Rich, or praise the Great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

WHEN men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.

Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

WHY then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herfes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?

NOR can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.





A Hymn to Contentment.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human-kind!
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky
 With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek, contented head!
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

AMBITION searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
 Encreasing Avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart with grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground;
 Or in a soul exalted high
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 converse with stars above, and know
 All nature in its forms below;

The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

LOVELY, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

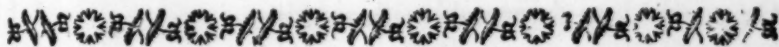
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

OH! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.

THE sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;

The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extreams;
 And find a life of equal blifs,
 Or own the next begun in this.



Poverty.

HAppy the man! whose weighty purse contains
 Or yellow gold, pale silver, or the coin
 Of ruddy copper; he on cheerful thoughts
 Enjoys a mental feast, nor pines with care.
 The chink of gold with gold (transporting sound!)
 Excels the timbrel, or the Syren's voice
 Harmonious, or the whisper soft
 Of Zephyr, warbling through the breathing flute
 To sleeping Beauty, by assiduous Love,
 In midnight ferenade. Gold, magic spell!
 Secure from wants and woes, from bitter still
 Extracts the sweets of life, and leaves the dregs
 To Poverty and Me. Say, favour'd youths!
 When from the bag's wide mouth, or secret slit
 Of fob, you conscious draw the glitt'ring gold,
 What pride, what pleasure kindles in your breast!

Grief flies, nor Mem'ry, if the views, regrets
Home, happy seat of freedom and delight!
Where letter'd tyranny no more decrees
The task laborious, but the vacant mind
Is free to ev'ry bliss, and lur'd by all,
Insatiate riots on parental love.

BUT I nor join the gingling sport of chuck,
Nor chiming ring my coin, but debtor too,
Far from the tread of social foot, the shout
Of mingled joy, with slow and silent pace,
Alone through unfrequented glades I rove;
Lost in the mazes of distracting thought,
My mind too wanders, by no converse cheer'd.

THUS, when the birds in wanton bands combine,
And round and round in sportive circles glide,
Or perch'd on some tall willow's bending top,
In joyful concert pour the blended strain;
The solitary bat, in chimneys dark,
Or hollow tree, absconds, nor dares enjoy
The noon-tide breeze of balmy spring; when eye
Prolongs the deep'ning shade, and cheerless night
Steals o'er the fading landscape, through the gloom
She wings her solitary flight, while ghosts
Glide silent o'er the haunted green, or start
At the 'lone owl's shrill scream, ill-omen'd sound!

BUT lo! to sharpen pain with sights of bliss,
And scourge with Envy's scorpions, where, by years
Bent double, on her weary arm an hag
The laden basket bears; tott'ring with haste,
And grinning she approaches: see with joy
A welcome crowd surround her; money now
Bears off the nonpareil, or sweet permain,
Or rennet, golden fruit! I, like the fam'd
Though wretched Tantalus, whom thund'ring Jove
Plung'd into hell's sulphurous deep abyss,

In midst of plenty, poor and meagre stand.
Yet Tantalus one wretched comfort boasts,
Society in woe; near him renew'd
Prometheus' liver, doom'd the living food
Of the still hung'ring vulture. Sisyphus
Straining each nerve in unavailing toil,
Up the steep hill scarce moves the pond'rous stone.
Ixion, bound in galling chains, is whirl'd
Round with the restless wheel. I, wretched I,
In Poverty, that complicated curse, sustain
The plague of each, no fellow suff'rer nigh.

At night I quaff no sweet nectareous juice,
Nor laugh at merry pun or jocund tale,
But, like the damn'd, when Orpheus charm'd the
shades,
With face distorted screw a painful smile.
While others o'er the golden posset chat,
Whose yellow streams like fam'd Pactolus flow
Redundant, with a jug of small-beer slip
Want's cheerless potion, I deserted sit
Like meagre hermit in a gloomy grot,
With trees embower'd, and far from human sight.
To such retreat, from all things vile and vain,
The glare of wealth, and blandishment of joy,
O lead me, god of silence! hide me here
From Insolence and Scorn; where Poverty
Presides, the poor have peace. Receive me, then,
Pale Goddess! from the shine of gold I fly.
So, when the gaudy fun in glitt'ring car
Arises, lo! afar the gloomy shades
Depart, and vanish from the rosy morn,
With chaos mixing and maternal night.

*Solitude.*

LET others warble love's soft pleasing theme,
Or with tumultuous mirth to Bacchus raise
The midnight chorus dissonant and loud,
Me now no more delight the sparkling bowl,
Or dimpled beauty, blushing kind consent.
No more for these I snatch the vocal shell;
Do thou, sweet Solitude! accept my song.

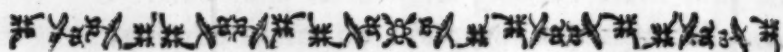
HAIL! Solitude! all hail the blest retreat,
Where thou and Peace, thy mild associate, stray,
'Midst groves and cooling shades, thy favour'd haunt!
Or near the mossy banks of purling streams
Recline and meditate, while round you throng
The muses, pleas'd to catch the bursting theme,
And tune immortal musick to thy song.
Instructive song, that teaches best to know
Ourselves, the science mark'd by heav'n for man.
At thy calm cell with rev'rend moss o'ergrown,
And clasping ivy, Care no entrance finds;
Repulsed he seeks the temple's painted roof,
Where the long vista terminates, or winds
The labour'd lab'rinth to the costly grot,
Where art has heap'd the treasures of the mine.
Nor want'st thou converse, though the world, far off
Treads not the verdant path to thy recess.
Thy converse is with nature, and to thee
Her god descends, and deigns to guide thy search
Through all his works to track the glorious plan.
Ah! let not man, whose hours are short and few,
Complain that time moves slow, and sigh in vain
For arts to urge the moments in their course,

Or gain their blessing as in haste they pass.
 Ah! let him not complain he wants employ,
 And languish in the weariness of sloth,
 Whilst nature spreads the book of knowledge fair,
 Where Reason's eye, with unreprieved delight,
 May gaze on beauty, and the ravish'd ear
 Drink inspiration from the voice of truth.

SEE the bald hermit, studious in the wild,
 Disdain the tinsel vanities of life;
 Simple and coarse his fare, his slumbers short,
 Subdu'd each rebel passion of the mind.
 His couch of mat at midnight oft he leaves,
 And kneeling wafts the silent pray'r to heav'n.
 The silent pray'r to his devoted breast
 In joy returns; from angel's food his soul
 Derives new vigour, 'till at length too strong
 For bonds of clay to bind, she burst away,
 And claims her bright inheritance, the skies.

THUS mighty Charles, who sway'd Germania's
 realms,
 Resign'd the toys of empire, and forgot
 The pageantry of state, the courtier's cringe,
 The fawn of flatt'ry, and the shout of fame.
 He walk'd with Science in thy calm retreat,
 O sacred Solitude! with Virtue there
 And Piety he walk'd, selected few!
 There won a nobler vict'ry o'er himself,
 Than when his sword, far dreaded, erst subdu'd
 The troops of Gallia, and the hero led
 Her haughty chief in triumph at his car.

HENCE then, ye false seducers of my youth!
 Delusive charms, and guilty joys, farewell!
 With thee, sweet Solitude! henceforth I'll live,
 And in thy arms, sweet Solitude! will die.



The Shce-Boy.

LIKE mortal men, great Jove (grown fond of change)

Of old was wont the nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the whole ætherial court improv'd;
And even the proudest goddesses now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina (goddesses of the tide
Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame: The town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd, she sigh'd; for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults, to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her known lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder; swift the goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wand'ring Harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place that banish'd shame,
To the dark alley arm in arm they move,
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

WHEN the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
space,

The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

THE child, through various risques in years im-
prov'd,

At first a beggar's brat compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

O HAPPY, unown'd youth, your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!

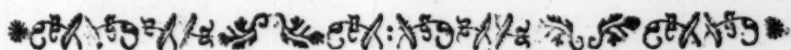
THE goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress;
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art,
Practis'd in streets: The gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking croud,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe,
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each pow'r contributes to relieve the poor;
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar,
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crouded way,
To raise his dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil,
Press'd from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominion smoaky clouds aspire,
Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new jappanning art.

Pleas'd she receives the gifts, she downwards glides,
Lights in Fleet-Ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common-sewers a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holburn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart and wash'd his face.
At length he sighing cry'd, that boy is bless'd,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far be those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew father, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles and by good old aunts.
When time comes round a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes 'em rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See 'em puff off the froth and gulph amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

WHILE thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles beats on ev'ry side,
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank and black,
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe, that hung in rags behind.

Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun:
 Thy pray'rs are granted, weep no more my son;
 Go strive, at some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil,
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil.
 On this, methinks, I see the walking crew,
 At thy request support the miry shoe;
 The foot grows black, that was with mire imbrown'd,
 And in thy pocket jingling ha'pence found;
 The goddess plunged swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud.
 The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd,
 Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
 His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
 And Whitehall echoes—Clean your honour's shoes.



The Passions. An Ode.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd round her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!

The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen, [Queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
'They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the feastful sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph, endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page——
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound——
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!



Spring.

WHEN approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of
 Spring,

Swelling buds open first, and look gay,
 When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and
 sing,

And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray:

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
 With its moisture refreshes the ground,
 And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the
 flowers,

Like rich gems beam a lustre around:

When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and cooe,
 And the cuckow proclaims with his voice,
 That Nature marks this for the season to wooe,
 And for all that can love to rejoice:

In a cottage at night may I spend all my time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With a maiden whose charms are yet in their prime,
Young as April, and blooming as May:

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
May my fairest and I sweetly wake,
View the far distant hills which the sun-beams adorn,
Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I
May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

Be this spot on a hill, and a spring from its side
Bubble out and transparently flow,
Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
Thro' the vale strow'd with daisies below.

While the bee flies from blossom to blossom and sips,
And the violets their sweetness impart,
Let me hang on her neck, and so taste from her lips
The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
May we think ourselves blest that it is not our fate,
To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes
When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their
throats
Are at strife to be louder than her.

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
And checquer the meads, and the lawns,
May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings just fledg'd o'er the turf take
their run,
And the firstlings are all at their play,
And the harmless young lambs skip about in the fun,
Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy,
That she seems to mistrust what I say,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my eyes,
And let no single beauty escape,
But see none to create so much love, and surprize,
As her eyes, and her face, and her shape.

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds turn to leaves,
And the meadows around us are mown,
When the lass on the sweet-smelling haycock re-
ceives,
What she afterwards blushes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flowers hang
their heads
With the dew, then no longer we'll roam,
With my arm round her waist, in a path through
the meads,
Let us hasten to find our way home.

When the birds are at roost, with their heads in
their wings,

Each one by the side of his mate;

When a mist that arises a drowfiness brings

Upon all but the owl and the bat:

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars lend their light,
And all Nature lies quiet and still;

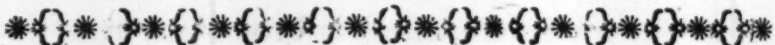
When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the night,
But, at distance, the clack of a mill:

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noise,

So that voices in whispers are known,

Let us give and receive all the nameless soft joys,

That are mus'd on by lovers alone.



Summer:

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,

With my fair one as blooming as May,

Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze;

Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,

For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,

And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,

On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,

For 'tis she that must still be my theme,

Our two shadows may view in the watery glass,

While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to
bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words, and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give
us light,
Just direct us, and checquer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with those rural delights,
And secure from Ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.



Autumn.

THOU' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find,
What all must confess to be rare,
A female still chearful, and faithful, and kind,
The blessings of Autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
Overspread with its branches, and shade;
Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with
its load,

In our orchard furrounded with pales;
In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
For a tart that in Winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
Seem to hang on its surface like smoak,
Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands,
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
To collect what kind Nature has sent!
Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake;
But, oh! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
Let us silently sit at our ease,
And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
And the corn's all got into the house;
When the long wish'd-for time of their meeting is
come,
To frolic, and feast, and carouse;

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,

Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and
dead,

Or else blown to and fro in the air;

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might
seem,

And the axle-tree's ready to break,

While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,

And then claps the poor jades on the neck.

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,

Or the fearful young covey beset;

Which though skulking in stubble, and weeds on
the grounds,

Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,

Still amus'd with these innocent sports,

Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,

With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on stiles,

Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,

And 'tis very well known by his grin and her smiles,

What they both have a mind to be at;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,

Let our mutual endearments revive,

And let no single action, or look, but declare,

How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,

Let soft music the phantoms remove,

For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,

And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry;
 When the lass is preparing for bed,
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark.
 In a farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.



Winter.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to
 be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost.

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with
 cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the
 fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam:
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

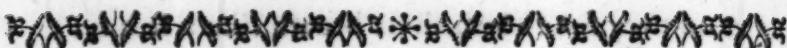
When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met;
Talk of fairies, and witches, that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat.

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire:

Where in neatness and quiet—and free from surprize,
We may live and no hardships endure;
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.





A Love-Letter, long after Marriage.

TO thee, my dear! my soul's far better part!
 These lines I send, emerging from my heart.
 Wher'ere thy lot is cast, or foot shall tread,
 The muse will haunt thee, constant as thy shade.
 Sooner the needle shall forsake the pole,
 Than thou be banish'd from my inmost soul.
 Absent, thy image does my mind employ,
 And when thou'rt present 'tis a harvest joy.
 A bliss unknown to guilty love we taste,
 Reserv'd by heav'n for all the pure and chaste.

Al! what avails this house, these gardens here,
 Those purling streams, my heart's depress'd with fear,
 Lest some fierce fever revel in thy veins,
 Impair thy health, and mock the doctor's pains;
 Consumptions sap thee, by gradations slow,
 Or apoplex should kill thee at a blow;
 Lest highwaymen thy tim'rous soul affright,
 Or pick-pockets exert on thee their sleight;
 A fire by night, or accident by day,
 May snatch my prize, my beauteous prize away.

What don't I fear? Return, and all is well,
 'Tis thou alone can'st this combustion quell;
 Thy presence only makes serene and gay,
 Improves each joy, and chases care away.
 With thee O let me live! and never part!
 Thou fill'st up ev'ry chasm in my heart;
 No room to wish, or wantonly to range,
 A love so founded, ne'er was known to change.



The Shepherd and Nightingale.

WHEN shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
 There liv'd in great esteem a jolly swain,
 Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his notes invite the lagging spring,
 He, as his custom was, at leisure laid,
 In silent shade, without a rival play'd.
 Drawn by the magic of th' inticing sound,
 What crouds of mute admirers flock'd around!
 The sterlings left their food; and creatures wild,
 By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
 He makes the birds in troops about him throng,
 And loads the neighb'ring branches with his song.

AMONG the rest, a nightingale of fame,
 Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came.
 She tun'd her ear; and emulous with pride,
 Like echo, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd:
 The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
 To try her more, renew'd his various strain.
 To all his various strain she shapes her throat,
 And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
 If Colin in complaining accents grieves,
 Or brisker motion to his measure gives;
 If gentle sounds he modulates, or strong,
 She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
 But so repeats, that Colin half despis'd
 His pipe and skill, so much by others priz'd:
 And, sweetest songster of the winged kind,
 What thanks, said he, what praises can I find,
 To equal thy melodious voice? in thee,
 The rudeness of my rural life I see;

From thee I learn to vaunt no more my skill.
Aloft in air ſhe fat, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd ſwain: provok'd at laſt he ſtrove
To ſhow the little minſtrel of the grove
His utmoſt art, if ſo ſome ſmall eſteem
He might obtain, and credit loſt, redeem.
He draws in breath his riſing breſt to fill;
Thro' all the wood his pipe is heard to ſhrill,
From note to note in haſte his fingers fly;
Still more and more his numbers multiply:.
And now they thrill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet ſurprize.

ATTENTIVE ſhe does ſcarce the ſounds retain;
But to herſelf firſt conſ the puzzling ſtrain;
And tracing careful, note by note repays
The ſhepherd, in his own harmonious lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing cadence runs at length,
And adds in ſweetneſs, what ſhe wants in ſtrength.

THEN Colin threw his fiſe diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conqueſt. What could Colin more?
A little harp, of maple ware he bore:
The harp itſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he acroſs his ſhoulders hung.
Now take, delightful bird, my laſt farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence thou doſt excel
No trivial artiſt: And at that he wound,
The murm'ring ſtrings, and order'd ev'ry ſound.
Then earneſt to his inſtrument he bends,
And both his hands upon the ſtrings extends.
The ſtrings obey his touch, and various move,
The lower anſw'ring ſtill to thoſe above.
His reſtleſs fingers traverse to and fro,
And in purſuit of harmony they go:

Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command,
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the chords with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.
Then, intricate, he blends agreeing sounds,
While musick thro' the trembling harp abounds.

THE double sounds the nightingale perplex,
And, pos'd, she does her troubled spirits vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there.
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung:
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain; her heart begins to swell;
In piteous notes she sings, in notes that tell
Her bitter anguish: he, still singing, plies
His limber joints; her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the grove, in musick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging wings and moans,
And fetches from her breast melodious groans;
Oppress'd with grief at last, too great to quell,
Down breathless on the guilty harp she fell.

*The Wish.*

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in Fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighbouring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind heaven! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy:
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye powers of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O! if complaints which love and grief inspire,
In heavenly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my powers away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire!
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For heaven, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd!
Kind nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as heaven sublime,
View its full blaze in open project glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue, and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till every nerve relax'd can hold no more.

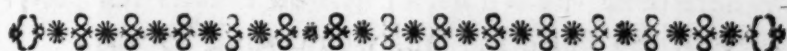
Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,
 Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign:
 To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
 Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
 To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
 Let her, to grace my obsequies appear,
 And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no, be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
 And all her soul from every anguish free:
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
 The joys of heaven would be no joys to me.



Laura, or the Complaint.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
 That o'er yon caverns stretch your pendent
 shade,
 Where sacred silence lulls the rural vale,
 And love in whispers tells his tender tale,
 Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
 Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,
 To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
 And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows rise;
 Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd?
 When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
 When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
 Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his heart.
 Ah once lov'd seats, your pleasing scenes are o'er,
 Nor you can charm, since he can love no more;

Tho' smile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
In vain gay nature paints th' enamel'd ground;
While through your solitary paths I rove,
A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.
Tho' gentle zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
Tho' breathes the incense of your opening flowers,
Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,
Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm;
Fade every flower, and languish every sense,
Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence.

TORN by remorse, sad victim of despair,
Where shall I turn? or where address my prayer?
Far as the morn its early beam displays,
Or where the star of evening darts its rays;
Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
Where blow the winds, or heaven invests the pole,
In vain my fluttering soul would wing its way;
Stern care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

SOFT god of sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
Lulls earth, and heaven, and all the extended main,
Powerful to give the labouring heart to rest,
To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
Invok'd, thy unpropitious deity?
Or dooms, on racks of wildest fancy torn,
In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn?
Why am I oft on angry billows tost,
Now in some wide and dreary desert lost?
Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
Bound by fierce demons to some rapid wheel?
Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
In vain: or fall in tempests from the skies,
Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire?

As oft, dear youth! thy pleasing form appears;
I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears;
Yet waking fancy all that loss supplies,
And still I view thee with a lover's eyes;
Entranc'd, in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
Hang on thy hand, and on thy breast reclin'd,
Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
Now o'er-dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way;
Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
Where every flower of vernal beauty glows;
But light as air each pleasing vision flew,
Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew;
While with the day returns the sense of woe,
We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

IMAGINATION! mistress of the soul,
What powers unseen the active mind controul?
And fill the waking thought, or busy sleep?
When not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
Nor lofty pines through all the forest move,
Why stir the motions of resistless love?

URG'D by the golden morn, the night recedes,
And year to year in changeful course succeeds;
Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me restore
The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before;
Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view;
Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O BOAST of Laura's-long forgotten praise!
Past are the triumphs of my happier days,
When plac'd supreme on beauty's radiant throne,
I saw with conscious pride each heart my own;

Where'er I turn'd, a thousand nymphs admir'd;
Whene'er I smil'd, a thousand swains expir'd:
I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue;
I mov'd a goddess, and an angel sung.
My careless steps in joys were taught to rove;
Each voice was flattery, and each look was love;
But beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
Fled on the wings of rapid time is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
With measur'd strokes the scarcely heaving deep,
But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm;
Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
I sail'd with transport on life's summer sea;
The gay attendants of my happy state,
The Smiles, the Graces round were seen to wait,
And all the moments, as they swiftly flew,
Shower'd down soft joys, and pleasures ever new.
How chang'd this fleeting image of a day!
How sets in awful gloom the evening ray!
While, fixt on earth her eye in sad suspense,
Pours the deep sigh incessant penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
Beauty, thy crowded worshippers how vain!
Why then such crowds of incense round ascend?
Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend?
Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
At once to win thee, and increase thy power?
Let sad example reason's dictates aid;
Here see what ruin grief and love have made;
Even love, who lives by beauty's smiles carest,
Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,

With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow!
No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
Nor cheeks soft blushing speak a warmth divine;
Graceful no more amid the festive dance
My steps with easy dignity advance,
And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread,
O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
Cease the neat labours of my hand to know;
Ill suits the care of elegance with woe!

Why did not nature, when she gave to charm,
With unrelenting pride my bosom arm?
Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
Each soft affection, and each generous thought?
Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed;
Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, false youth, was every joy resign'd,
Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind;
Are these the constant vows thy tongue profest,
When first thy arms my yielding beauties prest?
Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears,
Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears;
Thus swore thy lips, by ocean, earth, and sky;
By hell's dread powers, and heaven's all-piercing eye:
Yawns not the grave for thee? Why sleeps the storm
To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form?
Unmov'd, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied
main?

Sooner the ship-wreck'd pilot shall appease
With sighs the howling winds, with tears the seas,

Than Laura's pray'rs thy heart unfeeling move,
O lost to fame, to honour, and to love.
Nurst in dark caverns on some mountain wild
To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
No female breast supplied thy infant food,
But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.
Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
While yet this mind was guiltless, and serene.
With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,
And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night,
Nor fear'd with thee through plains unknown to rove,
Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.
In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
And to the grave descends his hoary head.

WHEN at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine;
Why started not my hands when prest in thine?
Too well remembrance paints the fatal hour
When love, great conqueror, summon'd all his
power;

When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
From every pore distill'd the chilling dew,
When shame presaging spoke each future pain,
And struggling virtue arm'd my soul in vain,
But O let silence all my weakness veil,
And burning blushes only tell the tale.

Al! faithless man! and thou more wretched
maid,

To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd!
Far flies thy lover: to some distant plain
Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main;

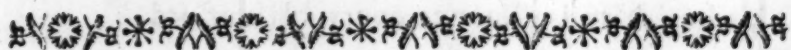
Avenging heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar.
Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;
Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn,
But mourn in vain: his vigorous arm shall fail,
Guilt sink him down, and angry heaven prevail;
No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

YET, ah! fond heart! avert, kind heaven, the
stroke,

My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
The varying accents real nature prove,
And only shew how wild a thing is love.
Go, much lov'd youth, with every blessing crown'd,
And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round.
Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
Death woos all-powerful: ere he parts the clew,
Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu:
Bids health and affluence every bliss afford,
Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd;
In ease, in mirth, glide each glad hour away:
No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
Nor sigh to swell, nor tear to flow for me:
O grant, heaven, all; but grant thee constancy.

YET from my hand this last address receive,
This last address is all that hand can give.
In vain thy bark with spreading canvass flies,
If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
Asks but one tear from thee; and asks no more.

THEN, world, farewell; farewell life's fond desires,
 False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
 Already, death, before my closing eyes
 Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.
 Hark! hear I not for me yon passing bell
 Toll forth, with frequent pause, its fullen knell?
 Waits not for me yon sexton on his spade,
 Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made?
 Say, why in lengthen'd pomp yon sable train,
 With measur'd steps, flow, stalk along the plain?
 Say, why yon hearse with fading flow'rs is crown'd,
 And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound?
 Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
 Secure to you my weary limbs I trust.
 Dim burns life's lamp; O death, thy work compleat,
 And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
 Such as before the birth of nature sway'd,
 Ere springing light the first great word obey'd,
 Let silence reign—come, Fate, exert thy might;
 And darkness wrap me in eternal night.



Ode to Wisdom.

THE solitary bird of night
 Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
 And quits his time-shook tow'r;
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.
 With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat.
 Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,

And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At wisdom's awful seat.
She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shews of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray.
Here folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the beam of day.
O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys :
In every form of beauty bright
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize :
At thy unspotted shrine I bow :
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires :
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.
Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r :
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Those envy'd glitt'ring toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.
To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thoughts refin'd ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.
When fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleasure's transient roses fade,

And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize;
Thy ever verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.
By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.
From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest:
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties drest.
He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme,
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around,
In awful silence stood:
Reclaim'd her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul.
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms,
O'er all their senses stole.
Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect mind
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal source
Of intellectual light.
O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road:
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.
Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show:
She sees through every fair disguise,
That all but virtue's solid joys
Are vanity and woe.



Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds' tremendous gloom,
The light'nings lurid glare,

It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul:

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

*The Complaint of a Lover.*

SEEST thou yonder craggy rock,
Whose head o'er-looks the swelling main,
Where never shepherd fed his flock,
Or careful peasant sow'd his grain?

No wholesome herb grows on the same,
Or bird of day will on it rest;
'Tis barren as the hopeless flame
That scorches my tormented breast.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
Th' entrance hid with dismal yew,
Where Phœbus never shew'd his eye,
Or chearful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
(Retreat and solace to my woe)
Love, sad despair, and I, do dwell,
The springs from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
(When he at first approach'd my heart)
Drest in a garb far from severe,
Or threat'ning ought of future smart.

So innocent those charms then seem'd,
When Rosalinda first I spy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
But flow'rs do often serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets concealed lay,
To love the cruel foe, disdain,
With which (alas) she does repay
My constant and deserving pain.

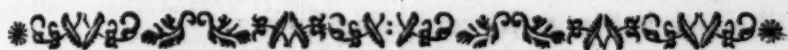
When I in tears have spent the night,
With sighs I usher in the sun,
Who never saw a sadder sight
In all the courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others ease does prove,
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my dreams I am in love,
And in them too she does disdain.

Some times, t'amuse my sorrow, I
Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the echo cry,
Ah! gentle nymph, come ease my care.

Thou who, times past, a lover wert,
Ah! pity me, who now am so,
And by a sense of thine own smart,
Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief;
Catch my last words, and call me fool;
Or say she loves for my relief;
My passion either sooth, or school.

*Colinetta.*

TWAS when the fields had shed their golden grain,
And burning suns had fear'd the russet plain;
No more the rose nor hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow cowslip on the tufted green:
But the rude thistle rear'd its hoary crown,
And the ripe nettle shew'd an irksome brown.
In mournful plight the tarnish'd groves appear,
And nature weeps for the declining year.
The sun too quickly reach'd the western sky,
And rising vapours hid his ev'ning eye:
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry stubble drank the falling dew.

IN this sick season, at the close of day,
On Lydia's lap pale Colinetta lay;
Whose fallow cheeks had lost their rosy dye,
The sparkles languish'd in her closing eye.
Parch'd were those lips whence musick us'd to flow,
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,
Yet thrice to raise her feeble voice she try'd,
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd:
At last reviv'd, on Lydia's neck she hung,
And like the swan expiring thus she sung.

FAREWEL, ye forests and delightful hills,
Ye flow'ry meadows, and ye chrystal rills,
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a shelter from the burning sun.
Those blasted shades all mournful now I see,
Who droop their heads as tho' they wept for me.

The pensive linnet has forgot to sing,
The lark is silent till returning spring.
The spring shall all those wonted charms restore,
Which Colinetta must behold no more.

FAREWEL, ye fields; my native fields adieu;
Whose fertile lays my early labours knew;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather king-cups at the closing day.
How oft has Lydia told a mournful tale,
By the clear lake that shines in yonder vale;
When she had done I sung a chearful lay,
While the glad goldfinch listen'd on the spray:
Lur'd by my song each jolly swain drew near,
And rosy virgins throng'd around to hear:
Farewel, ye swains; ye rosy nymphs, adieu:
Though I (unwilling) leave the streams and you,
Still may soft musick bless your happy shore,
But Colinetta you must hear no more.

O LYDIA, thou, (if wayward tongues shou'd
blame

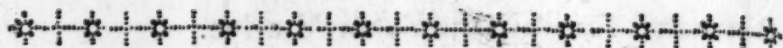
My life, and blot a harmless maiden's name)
Tell them if e'er I found a straggling ewe,
Although the owner's name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,
And gave it shelter at the closing day:
I never stole young pigeons from their dams,
Nor from their pasture drove my neighbours' lambs:
Nor set my dog to hunt their flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.
When Phillida by dancing won the prize,
Or Colin prais'd young Mariana's eyes:
When Damon wedded Urs'la of the grange,
My cheek with envy ne'er was seen to change:
Whene'er I saw Aminda cross the plain,
Or walk the forest with her darling swain,

I never whisper'd to a stander-by,
But hated scandal, and abhorr'd a lye.
On Sundays I (as sister Sue can tell)
Was always ready for the sermon-bell:
I honour'd both the teacher and the day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray;
Then sure for me there's something good in store,
When Colinetta shall be seen no more.

WHEN I am gone, I leave to sister Sue
My gown of Jersey, and my aprons blue.
My studded sheep-hook Phillida may take,
Likewise my hay-fork and my hazel rake:
My hoarded apples and my winter pears
Be thine, O Lydia, to reward thy cares.
These nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,
And this straw-basket, I bequeath to thee:
That basket did these dying fingers weave:
My boxen flute to Corydon I leave,
So shall it charm the list'ning nymphs around,
For none like him can make it sweetly sound.

IN our church-yard there grows a spreading yew,
Whose dark green leaves distil a baneful dew:
Be those sad branches o'er my grave reclin'd,
And let these words be graven on the rind:
"Mark, gentle reader,—Underneath this tree,
"There sleeps a maid, old Simon's daughter she;
"Thou too, perhaps, e'er many weeks be o'er,
"Like Colinetta, shalt be seen no more."

HERE ends the maid—for now the seal of death
Clos'd her pale lips, and stopp'd her rosy breath.
Her sinking eye-balls took their long adieu,
And with a sigh her harmless spirit flew.



The Crucifixion and Resurrection, an Ode.

WHAT means the reeling earth? O why
 These wonders in the dreadful sky?
 The frighted sun withdraws its beams,
 Deep groans are heard and doleful screams.
 O say, what this convulsion means:
 Afflicted nature with a shriek replies,
 A God expires, a mighty Saviour dies.

The conscious stars their rays deny,
 The moon receives a crimson dye.
 The temple, conscious of its fall,
 Now shakes its emblematick wall.
 The ocean stagnates, and the mountains bow,
 And angels weep that never wept till now.

Still tremble earth, and still, O sky,
 Thy ever-chearing lamps deny:
 Amaz'd still let the ocean stand,
 But what remains for guilty man?
 What groans? what sorrows are for him decreed?
 For man, whose crimes have made perfection bleed?

But see, O see, the sun returns!
 No more afflicted nature mourns!
 The stars their vacant orbs regain!
 And the moon sheds a silver beam!
 While heav'nly voices warble in the skies,
 "Behold your Saviour from his tomb arise!"

While saints attend the blessed morn,
He rose:—The God in human form,
A form not made of vulgar clay;
Which, tho' it slept, could not decay!
Hail, mortals; hail (transported seraphs cry)
Redeem'd, and favour'd by the God most high.

In heav'n let joys eternal flow,
And mercy in the worlds below;
The penitent shall peace obtain,
And not a tear shall fall in vain.
Then join, ye worlds, in one glad chorus sing,
Praise to Messiah, and th' Almighty King.



The Drowning of a Kitten: or Cruelty punished.

AS cruel Tom, dress'd in his Sunday's coat,
Rejoic'd to see a drowning kitten float,
And laugh'd to hear the little creature moan,
Which he into a muddy pit had thrown;
It chanc'd that leaning o'er a rotten rail,
Upon the bank (alas how truly frail
Are all supporters whose external part,
Like this fair rail, conceals a rotten heart!)
It sudden broke; when in the gloomy wave,
Tom headlong plung'd, where he had met his grave,
But for an hov'ring withy's friendly hand,
Whose timely succour brought him safe to land.—
Who could but laugh to see the pickle Tom,
Poor rogue, was in, as he went shiv'ring home?
Without his hat, his head o'er-spread with mud,
From ev'ry quarter streams a dirty flood;

He rav'd, stamp'd, pray'd, and by Jehovah swore,
 Thenceforth he never would drown kitten more.—
 Thus righteous Heaven, whose omniscient eye
 All things pervades, chastiseth cruelty;
 Nor by its justice disregarded shall
 A kitten perish, or a sparrow fall.
 Though God, from goodness and supernal love,
 All living creatures man hath set above;
 Made him their lord, them given to his use;
 Severely he will punish each abuse
 Of the minutest; and the torments we
 Inflict on them, on us reveng'd will be.



The fatal Moment: or, Phillis forsaken.

AS Phillis sat beneath the spreading shade
 Of a large lime, thus mourn'd the ruin'd maid.
 Farewell ye purling streams and shady groves,
 Ye warbling songsters, and ye cooing doves;
 No longer can your artless strains inspire
 Pure mental joy, or waken soft desire:
 With faithless Damon all your charms are gone;
 'Tis in the grave I ease can find alone.—
 As when the ivy from her dear embrace
 Sees snatch'd the oak, o'er the once happy place
 She weeps; and where she met a lover's joys,
 Lo, wrapt in death, her wither'd beauty lies!
 So here, where Damon with such eager joy
 Crown'd all his wishes, will I weep and die;
 On this dear spot, where, in my arms, I then
 Clasp'd the most lov'd, most perjured of men.—
 When oft at eve, beside yon bubbling stream,
 We chatted arm in arm; how sweet the scene!

Around us Flora strew'd her gayest flowers,
And love and Damon shar'd the fleeting hours,
'Till oft old Night unnoticed had spread
O'er half the globe his fable noxious shade:
Then home we hi'd; where, O half-painful bliss!
We sigh'd, press'd hands, and parted with a kiss.—
Oft would he lead me to this fatal grove;
Oft seated there we vow'd eternal love:
When in a luckless moment Damon won
His utmost wish, and Phillis was undone.—
Declining Sol hung o'er the western isles;
The grove was chequer'd with his parting smiles:
The doves sat billing on the hov'ring sprays,
The little songsters breath'd their tender lays
In chorus; nature, love, the silent hour,
To conquer staggering virtue join'd their pow'r;
When Damon, still more potent, eager prest;
I sigh'd, half-yielding clasp'd him to my breast,
Sunk on the flow'ry turf; in sweet distress
Was lost—O then expir'd my happiness,
Fame, virtue, honour; for, (alas, my pain!)
I'm left, despis'd by the treach'rous swain!——
Farewell, dear youth, long may'st thou happy prove;
Though cruel, false, yet still thou hast my love;
A love so firm it dies but with my breath;
And my fond wishes hang on thee in death:
That death more friendly brings my soul repose,
And kindly hushes all my bitter woes.—
O righteous God preserve my Damon!—Here,
Forth from her closing eye, escap'd a tear;
She could no more,—but like a lilly fell,
Smit by the scythe—Hark! that's her fun'ral knell!
Hence learn, ye fair, the man you love, to dread,
'Till Hymen leads you to the nuptial bed;

Be on your guard, let virtue keep her post;
Oblige the lover, and the husband's lost.



On the Vanity and Vicissitudes of human Life.

WHAT is this fleeting life of man?
The scanty measure of a span;
A bubble or a dream;
With sharp corroding cares perplex;
To sin and death itself annex'd:
Ah! melancholy theme!

Behold the infant on the breast,
His little peevish soul oppress'd
With grief and empty fears.
We read his passions in his eyes,
He spends his breath in sobs and cries,
And bathes himself in tears.

Few years revolv'd, he's sent to school,
Where, taught to think and live by rule,
What discontent he bears!
Whilst book and pen his time employ,
There's none so wretched as a boy,
Nor so involv'd in cares.

Anon, extravagant desires,
Tumultuous thoughts, and am'rous fires,
Within his bosom rage:
These reason long assays to tame,
By dread of pain, and want, and shame,
And tedious wars they wage.

But time at length, like fate, prevails,
Though reason, Jove's great daughter, fails,
And life grows more sedate;
What once he made the total sum
Of all delight, is now become
The object of his hate.

Now happiness is drawn from gold,
And in the shining lists enroll'd
Of honour, wealth, and fame;
For this he toils, for this his days
Are spent, by this he hopes to raise
A grand immortal name.

But gold has wings, and will not stay,
Man would pursue, but feels decay,
The fond pursuit restrain;
And now beneath the hand of death
He sinks, and yields with grief his breath,
Which yet he drew in vain.

He, he alone, can life possess,
Whom smiling Hope shall deign to bless,
Fair daughter of the skies,
A friend to virtue's friends alone,
The worlds above are all her own,
And there enjoyment lies.

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The Shepherd's Life preferred.

WHEN western breezes fan the shore,
And gently swell the azure wave;
I yield unto the soft'ning pow'r:
(The muse's transports then would grieve).

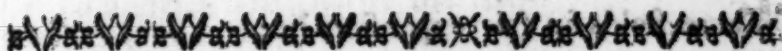
When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,
Enrage, and dash the foaming floods;
From the rude scene I trembling hie,
And plunge into the safer woods.

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,
The stormy fury straight does please;
I hear it sounding from afar;
It sings or murmurs through the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,
Who labours in the pathless deep;
Whose cruel art is to deceive,
Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,
(Harmless myself, and bless'd as they);
With them my morning steps I'll bend,
With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now, underneath a plane tree laid,
Or careless by a lulling stream,
Let me enjoy the cooling shade,
Or sweetly sink into a dream.



A Morning Rhapsody.

THE village cock, with piercing notes,
 The dappled dawn's approach denotes.
 Rise, Damon, rise, the call obey,
 And bask in Phœbus' earliest ray.

- ' But while we gaze with raptur'd eye,
- ' And Nature's loveliest scenes descry,
- ' Let every lovely scene impart
- ' Some moral lecture to the heart.
- ' Whether we view the sun's bright blaze,
- ' And on the purple æther gaze;
- ' Or bend to earth our wand'ring looks,
- ' To flow'ry meads and purling brooks;
- ' Above, beneath, and all around,
- ' We'll mingle fight with thought profound,
- ' And ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry spray,
- ' Shall wisdom to the soul convey.

BEHOLD! the dawn in blushes breaks,
 And all the east with crimson streaks:
 The clouds their fleecy skirts unfold,
 Now ting'd with azure, purple, gold,
 And now the sun his beam unshrouds,
 And scatters wide the gaudy clouds;
 Those clouds, he ting'd with distant rays,
 Now fade before the bright'ning blaze.

- ' So life's enjoyments lovely seem,
- ' When glitt'ring in the distant beam;
- ' And still they drink a richer die,
- ' And brighten still approaching nigh;
- ' But when we clasp, we lose the prize,
- ' And all th' ariel lustre flies.

Now, Damon, yonder turn thine eye,
Where fields in fair expansion lie;
Fields drefs'd in flowers, all fresh and gay,
That open to the morning ray.
The little lark unfolds his wings,
And swiftly soars, and sweetly sings;
Along the sky his musick floats,
And distant hills return the notes.
The gilded insects lightly skim
The liquid air in gaudy trim:
From vale to vale, from wood to wood,
They fly, to cull their flow'ry food,
And sip the spangled dews that shake
On every bush, on every brake.
Ah! feeble flutt'ers of a day,
How swift your pleasures pass away!
A freezing blast, a frigid sky,
Ye droop your tender wings, and die!

' Let man attend, while insects preach,
' And truths of human frailty teach.
' When life is fresh in every vein,
' Like them, he sports in pleasure's train;
' Like them, from wish to wish he strays,
' And round in circling revels plays;
' 'Till sudden, lo! the hand of death
' Impedes his course, and stops his breath.
' Shall man like insects live? and die
' Like insects too? in worth a fly!
' No—justice sends a heavier doom
' Than waits on flies, beyond the tomb;
' To rage, despair, and torment driv'n,
' The shame of earth, and scorn of heav'n.
' But if, to nobler views inclin'd,
' Virtue and truth adorn the mind,

‘ Like insects men may fall, but rise

‘ To angel’s bliss, above the skies.

Now village cries the silence break,
The chearful swains to labour wake,
Unpen their folds, and o’er the mead
Their flocks and herds to pasture lead:
They tune their mirth to rustic sounds,
And Echo the rough song rebounds.

‘ How pure and simple are the sweets

‘ Dispens’d in rural calm retreats!

‘ The swain salutes the rising day,

‘ And hies him to the fields away;

‘ With homely mirth, that time beguiles,

‘ He there pursues his dusty toils;

‘ At night the nut-brown bowl he drains,

‘ And counts, content, his humble gains;

‘ Then on his straw-fil’d couch he lies,

‘ Where golden slumbers seal his eyes.

‘ Thro’ labour, mirth, and sweet repose,

‘ His stream of life thus gently flows!

‘ The hero’s palm, the pomp of kings,

‘ And all that smiling fortune brings,

‘ Ambition, tumult, guilt and glare,

‘ Can ne’er with rural bliss compare.

BUT now the mounting sun displays
Around the fierce meridian blaze.

Hail, glorious orb! thy heat and light

The life they give with joy unite;

’Tis thine, where’er we turn our eyes,

To charm with ever-changing dyes.

With blue to tinge the distant scene,

The neighb’ring fields with sprightly green;

With brown the ruffet heath to spread,

With gold the tow’ring mountain’s head;

The varied flow'r with ev'ry hue,
With ev'ry tint the pendant dew.
Thy genial beams impregnate earth,
And give to various beauty birth.

' But thou, superior fund, whose ray
' Illumes the lamp that lends us day,
' Whose glories shine alike display'd
' In ev'nings mild, and peaceful shade;
' Great lord of all! receive the praise
' That man, that reasoning reptile, pays.
' Thy forming pow'r, thy fav'ring love,
' Is seen around, below, above;
' That fav'ring love, that forming pow'r,
' Some tribute claim from ev'ry hour.
' O! let my soul that tribute pay,
' And still devotion prompt the lay.
' Then let me learn from all I see,
' For all, my God! is full of thee.'





Ode on a Storm.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The waves with eastern breezes curl'd,
Had silver'd half the liquid plain;
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep,
Press to admire the vast machine,
In sporting gambols round it leap,
Or swimming low, due distance keep,
In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale,
Pretended friendship waits on pow'r,
But early quits the borrow'd veil,
When adverse fortune shifts the sail,
And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,
And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surges foamy white
Foretell the furious blast;
Dreadful, though distant was the sight,
Confederate winds and waves unite,
And menace every mast.

Winds whistling through the shrouds, proclaim
A fatal harvest on the deck,
Quick in pursuit as active flame,
Too soon the rolling ruin came,
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
Life's flame inspir'd by heav'nly breath;
Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
Disorders nature's beauteous face,
And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the vessel rolls,
And as by sympathy she knew
The secret anguish of our souls,
With inward deeper groans condole
The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung?
Suspended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
And silence'd every tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,

Stunn'd she forgot a while to reel,
And felt almost, or seem'd to feel
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light, nor comfort found us there;
Lost in the gulph and floods of spray,
No sun to cheer us, nor a ray
Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,
While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we pursue our wishes there,
Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the being whose behest
Reduc'd this chaos into form,
His goodness and his pow'r express'd,
He spoke—and, as a God, suppress'd
Our troubles, and the storm.



Chusing a Wife by a Pipe of Tobacco.

TUBE, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to chuse a wife:
Tube, thy colour let me mind,
In her skin, and in her mind.
Let her have a shape as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine:
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss:
Let her, in some smoke or other,
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are low,
Send them where they ought to go:
When to study I ineline,
Let her aid be such as thine:
Such as thine her charming pow'r,
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever warm, and ever bright:
Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies.





Wholesome Advice to unmarried Ladies.

WHY sighs each virgin for the nuptial bed,
 Repining tears in secret sorrow shed?
 The park they roam, to op'ras, balls, repair,
 Still free of ev'ry gay delight in share,
 At Hymen's touch, what different scenes arise!
 When envy'd marriage is the virgin's prize.
 From park at once the wedded dames retire,
 To rustic mansions with a booby squire.
 No melting music, soft Italian airs,
 But cries of children mix with household cares.
 They sparkle now no more at midnight balls,
 But muse alone, immur'd in lonesome walls.
 By one dim trembling taper's silent light,
 They pore on some old author half the night:
 Then start perhaps, and throw the volume by,
 Close the dull page, and vainly vent a sigh.
 At three the gentle spouse from club returns,
 In whose half-blinking eyes no passion burns:
 He comes, with wig awry, and tott'ring pace,
 And frequent hiccoughs wreath his maudlin face.
 The nuptial bed receives its wonted freight,
 And madam lies a wedded wife in state.
 The dear sweet bagpipe of her husband's nose
 Prevents the lapse of time in dull repose.
 All night she wakes, still conscious of the tie,
 The bond of bliss, for which she us'd to sigh.
 Ah! catch, ye virgins, catch the passing hour,
 While smiling peace puts pleasure in your pow'r.
 Ease, peace, and liberty more joy bestow,
 Than all the spouses in this world of woe.

Content in Dian's virgin joys to live,
Lose not for man what man can never give.



The Man of Pleasure.

YES, to the Sages be it told,
However great, or wise, or old—
Fair Pleasure's my pursuit;
For her I breathe the joyful day,
For her thro' Nature's wilds I stray,
And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,
And all thy sweets lov'd Luxury bring!

“To enjoy is to obey;”
The heavenly mandate still prevail,
And let each unwise wretch bewail
The dire neglected day.

Ah! graceless wretch! to disobey,
And devious quit the flowery way,
And slight the gods' decree!
Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send!
If e'er my guilty hands offend,
Indeed my heart is free.

In Pleasure's ray see Nature shine,
How dull, alas! at Wisdom's shrine!

“'Tis Folly to be wise:”
Collusive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment sure is real Sense
In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground,
In dashing ecstacy;
I love the awkward courser's stride,
The courser that has been well tried,
And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye sneering wife!—
Fair Honour, spurning still at lies,
As courting Liberty;
Still hand in hand great Nature goes,
With joys to honour never foes,
And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,
From Italy's voluptuous strand,
Ye destin'd men of art;
Breathe on the thrilling meaning found,
Each grace shall still be faithful found,
At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods! that curse of fools,
The pride of theoretic rules;
That dupery of sense:
I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
With every good—that can annoy—
Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
Each happy loss a gain supplies,
And boon still follows boon:
The smile of beauty gilds my day,
Regardless of her frowns I stray:—
Thus thro' my hours I run!

But let me not for idle rhyme
Neglect, ungrateful, good old Time:
Dear watch! thou art obey'd—
'Twas thus the Man of Pleasure spoke,
His jovial step then careless took
To Celia—or her maid.



The Man of Sorrow.

A H! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!

Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alast!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose:
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride,
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In chearful ignorance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,

Her choice divinely free,
She visits oft the hamlet-cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves,
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green,
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

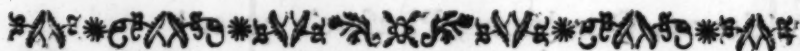
Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A foul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th'unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that Peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste,
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And Horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong.

To the distemper'd soul?
 I see the lawn of hideous dye,
 The towering elm nods misery,
 With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
 Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
 Ye were for misery made—
 'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
 His wayward step then pensive took
 Along th'unhallow'd shade.



The Trials of Virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of Youth, my mind
 Life's opening scene survey'd!
 I view'd its hills of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd;
 That Virtue's path inclose:
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
 But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah! see, while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread,
 A hostile world its terrors raise,
 Its snares delusive spread.

O! how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 Those terrors learn to meet?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd; oppressive Sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil. 'The watry-deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
Ev'n now my steps they lave;
And Death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat?
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill Fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear.

"What tho' the swelling surge thou see
"Impatient to devour?
"Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
"And thankful own his power.

"Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far, th' Almighty said,
"Thus far, not farther, rage; and here
"Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard: and lo! at once controul'd,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murm'ring left my feet.

Deep to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th'usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise
The imagin'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th'instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Let Faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude:
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
A Maker wise and good!

He to thy every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 Still in thy God confide,
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 And curbs the headlong tide.



The Grumbling Clown.

BENEATH an oak a rustic clown
 Lay lounging in the shade;
 Complaining loud of Fortune's gifts,
 And call'd her partial jade.

The works of Providence were wrong,
 And bad was all in-sight;
 He knew some things were wrong contriv'd,
 And he could set them right.

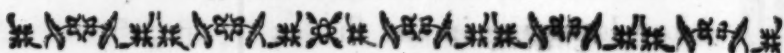
"For instance," cries the grumbling churl,
 "Behold this sturdy tree;
 "Remark the little things it bears,
 "And what disparity!

"Again, observe yon pumpkins grow,
 "And, see! the stalks how small!
 "Unable to support their fruit,
 "So bulky are they all!

"Now I, if I had pow'r to do't,
 "Would alter thus the case:
 "That this large tree should pumpkins bear,
 "And acorns take their place."

He spoke; and rising on his breech,
 Strait from the tree fell down
 An acorn of the smaller size,
 And pitched upon his crown.

“Now,” says a trav’ler, who had heard
 The whole the clown had said,
 “Suppose the tree had pumpkins borne,
 “How wouldst thou have sav’d thy head?”



The happy Country Maid.

HOW happy is the harmless country maid,
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her soul preserves the native white.
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Not pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with constant ease;
 Who free from storms which on the great ones fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but love can discompose her breast,
 Love, of all cares the sweetest and the best.
 Whilst on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
 Her happy lover feeds upon her eye:
 Not one whom on her men impose,
 But one whom love has for her lover chose;
 And in some fav'rite myrtle's shady boughs
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,
 And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.
 Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
 And whilst they live, their flames can never die.

*The Violet.*

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn.
The sun with his splendour illumines the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn.
Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Betty! the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
How proud! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest!
From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
What odours delightfully spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets:
So humble, that, tho' with uparallel'd grace
She might e'en a palace adorn,
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair one! is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens her charms;

The Way of the World.

SOME herbs there are, whose deadly juices fill
 The heart with venom, and directly kill:
 Some operate more slowly, but are sure;
 The dart less sudden, but admits no cure.
 Yet there's a drug, nor plain nor mountain yields,
 Nor Libya's desarts, nor Britannia's fields,
 Destructive more than all the baneful kind;
 'Tis Flatt'ry call'd—the poison of the mind:
 This, proud Sir Wealthy feeds on all the day,
 This Delia swallows with her soft bohea:
 To this we owe Sublimo's scornful eye,
 And Sylvia's cheeks that blush with borrow'd dye.
 Sublimo once cou'd like his neighbours walk,
 Bow to his friends, or with his tenants talk;
 Nor had been seiz'd with this majestic fit,
 If subtil Florio had not prais'd his wit.
 Gay Sylvia too wou'd now her arts give o'er,
 And rest those eye-balls that must slay no more;
 Nor would that face engross her morning's care,
 Did not Philander tell her she is fair.

ALCIDAS tells you with an artful smile,
 That women's eyes were given them to beguile:
 Her way is cunning and mischievous too,
 He'll praise in others what he finds in you.
 You hear delighted, nor perceive the foe;
 But drink in flatt'ry ere you think 'tis so.
 And when he's run the gay description through,
 The smart conclusion is apply'd to you:
 But turn your back—Alcidas, with a grin,
 Will vow you're ugly as a footerkin.

How oft you hear from a designing knave,
 Sir, I'm your servant, madam, I'm your slave:
 Yet if you're blest with penetrating eyes,
 You'll in his features read the villain lies.

SEE soft Courtine, whose hat with silver bound,
 Is so obsequious that 'twill kiss the ground:
 Whose actions point to some unworthy end,
 * And ne'er was patron, counsellor, or friend:
 Whose narrow views are to himself confin'd,
 Yet he's the humble slave of all mankind.

THESE fawning rogues are irksome creatures—
 True,

But then a clown is full as odious too:
 The face unpractis'd in the arts of guile,
 Need not be stretch'd with an eternal smile:
 Nor yet affect the cynick's awful scowl,
 Screw'd like the visage of Minerva's owl;
 For some reject (and hold it as a rule)
 The crab-fac'd student for the tender fool.

THE phrase unstudied flows with graceful ease,
 And careless gesture never fails to please:
 The heart instructs the features and the tongue;
 Let that be right, and these will ne'er be wrong.

Ask Cynthio's judgment in some nice affair,
 He'll praise your conduct with a charming air,
 Extol your sense and prudence to the skies:
 ' And sure such merits were design'd to rise.'
 His candid eyes can hidden beauties see,
 Ev'n faults are useful, or they cease to be:
 And each no-meaning Cynthio can explore;
 But ask his friendship, and he speaks no more.

BUT the worst flatterer that wears a tongue,
 Is he whose power aggravates the wrong:
 To whose grand levee crowds of suppliants run,
 And bow like Persians to the rising sun:

Where starv'd dependents linger out their days,
 Yet proud to share his snuff-box and his praise,
 Grow stiff with standing, and with staring thin,
 To watch the dimple on their patron's chin:
 Who with a nod can make the wretch believe,
 And smiles on hunger which he'll ne'er relieve.

SURROUNDED thick with bus'ness and with gold,
 Yet dress'd in smiles Virginius you behold:
 Th' expecting crowd around his table stand,
 You ask a favour, and he grasps your hand;
 Another comes with an obsequious air,
 He winks and whispers—'Leave it to my care.'
 Then to the next—'Oh I'll remember you;
 'Sir, trust my honour, you shall find me true.'
 Then bows a third.—'Good Sir, your pardon.'—
 why?

'I saw you not.—Forgive my careless eye.
 'Next Tuesday se'nnight, let me see you pray,
 'Perhaps you'll find it hundreds in your way.'

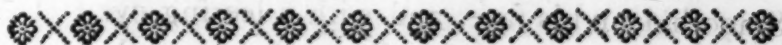
THE meagre wight departs with happier soul,
 Romantick visions in his bosom roll:
 He fasts in rapture, as of late in sorrow;
 For who can eat, that's to be rich to-morrow?
 But Tuesday see, the joyful day is come;
 Now to his patron.—'But he's not at home.
 'Alas! But then to-morrow morn will do,
 'And I'll be early.—Gentlemen, adieu.'
 Next day at six before the gate appears
 The wretch divided by his hopes and fears.
 The haughty servants meet him with a frown.
 I'd see his honour.—'But he's not come down;
 'Your servant, Sir—I'll stay then in the hall:—
 'But he is sick and can't be spoke withal.—
 'I'll wait with patience till another day,
 'And for his honour and his health shall pray.'

At last the knight (his fate had order'd so)
 Was seiz'd and boarded by the lurking foe;
 And wisely thinking 'twas in vain to fly,
 Smooth'd up his face, and with a leering eye
 Began. 'Oh Mr. what-d'ye-call, is't you?
 'I'm glad to see you: Yet I'm sorry too,
 'Sure such ill stars presided o'er your fate,
 'I cou'd have serv'd you, but you're come too late.'

YET sure, there is whose honest soul was made
 Too grand a being for the soothing trade;
 Whose wit can neither flatter nor offend,
 A gay companion, yet a constant friend;
 Willing to please where honesty may win,
 Averse to slander, tho' it were no sin.
 With native manners as with sense endu'd;
 Not soft as Cynthio, nor as Damon rude;
 Not basely humble, yet a foe to pride:
 Whose tongue ne'er promis'd what his heart deny'd.
 Whose satire charms, nor mirth offends the ear;
 Tho' wise not froward, just but not severe;
 Not sway'd by int'rest, nor in passion hurl'd,
 But walks a calm spectator through the world:
 Whose breast (where no unmanly vapours grow)
 Can feel compassion for another's woe;
 Where courage, mercy, justice, candour lie,
 And shine celestial in the speaking eye.

THIS man is great, whate'er be his degree;
 O bless him, heav'n, if such a one there be:
 May life's best comforts on his days attend,
 Blest in himself, and happy in his friend:
 Far from his gate fly poverty and woe;
 Let not a sigh his quiet mansion know:
 But the fair dome each roving eye allure,
 With peace and plenty smiling at the door:

Let him soft days and happy ev'nings find,
And live still blest, and blessing all mankind.



The Temple of Love. A Dream.

WHEN lonely night compos'd the drowsy
mind,

And hush'd the bosom of the weary hind,
Pleas'd with plain nature and with simple life,
I read the scenes of shore's deluded wife,
Till my faint spirits fought the silent bed,
And on its pillow dropp'd my aking head;
Then Fancy, ever to her Mira kind,
Prepar'd her phantoms for the roving mind.

BEHOLD a fabric rising from the ground,
To the soft timbrel and the cittern's sound:
Corinthian pillars the vast building hold,
Of polish'd silver and Peruvian gold;
In four broad arches spread the shining doors,
The blazing roofs enlighten all the floors:
Beneath a sparkling canopy that shone
With Persian jewels, like a morning sun
Wrapp'd in a robe of purest Tyrian dye,
Cythera's image met the ravish'd eye,
Whose glowing features would in paint beguile:
So well the artist drew her mimic smile;
Her shining eyes confess a sprightly joy;
Upon her knees reclin'd her wanton boy;
On the bright walls around her and above,
Were drawn the statutes and the arts of love:
These taught the silent language of the eye,
The broken whisper and amusing lie;

The careless glance peculiar to the fair,
And vows of lovers that dissolve in air;
'The graceful anger, and the rolling eyes;
'The practis'd blush, and counterfeit surprise,
'The language proper for pretending swains;
And fine description for imagin'd pains;
'The friendly caution, and designing ease,
And all the arts that ruin while they please.

Now enter'd, follow'd by a splendid train,
A blooming damsel and a wealthy swain;
'The gaudy youth in shining robes array'd,
Behind him follow'd the unthinking maid:
Youth in her cheek like op'ning roses sprung,
Her careless tresses on her shoulders hung.
Her smiles were cheerful as enliv'ning May;
Her dress was careless, and her eyes were gay;
'Then to soft voices and melodious sound
'The board was spread, the sparkling glasses crown'd:
'The sprightly virgin in a moment shines
In the gay product of the eastern mines;
Then Pride comes in with patches for the fair,
And spicy odours for her curling hair:
Rude Riot in a crimson vest array'd,
With smooth-fac'd Flatt'ry like a chamber-maid;
Soft Pomp and Pleasure at her elbow stand,
And Folly shakes the rattles in her hand.

BUT now her feeble structure seem'd to shake,
Its basis trembled and its pillars quake;
'Then rush'd Suspicion through the lofty gate,
With heart-sick Loathing led by ghastly Hate;
And foaming Rage, to close the horrid band,
With a drawn poniard in her shaking hand.
Now like an earthquake shook the reeling frame,
The lamps extinguish in a purple flame:

One universal groan was heard, and then
The cries of women and the voice of men:
Some roar out vengeance, some for mercy call;
And shrieks and tumult fill the dreadful hall.

At length the spectres vanish'd from my sight,
Again the lamps resum'd a feeble light;
But chang'd the place: no splendour there was shown,
But gloomy walls that mirth had never known;
For the gay dome where Pleasure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an abbey and a doleful cell;
And here the sad, the ruin'd nymph was found,
Her robe disorder'd and her locks unbound,
While from her eyes the pearly drops of woe,
Wash'd her pale cheek where roses us'd to blow:
Her blue and trembling lips prepar'd to breathe
The sighs that made her swelling bosom heave;
Thus stupid with her grief she sat and prest
Her lily hands across her pensive breast;
A group of ghastly phantoms stood behind,
Whose task it is to rack the guilty mind:
Wide-mouth'd Reproach with visage rude and thin,
And hissing Scandal made a hideous din;
Remorse that darted from her deadly wings,
Invenom'd arrows and a thousand stings:
Then with pale cheeks and with a ghastly stare,
Peep'd o'er her shoulder hollow-ey'd Despair;
Whose hand extended bore a bleeding heart,
And Death behind her shook his threat'ning dart:
These forms with horror fill'd my aking breast,
And from my eye-lids drove the balm of rest:
I woke and found old Night her course had run,
And left her empire to the rising sun.

*A Country-Life.*

HOW sacred and how innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery and fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for self.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor physic then,
Nature was all their wit:
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.

What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her courtship is all fire and sword,
Who would not then retire?

Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity,
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possess'd
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvy'd walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' Exchange resort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love, but sport.

These never know a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or design:
While vanity plays all her game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting spring appears,
To Hide-Park let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose Spring-Garden show.

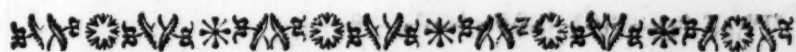
Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.

But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
 Friendship and Honesty,
 And only those of all I would
 Ask for felicity.

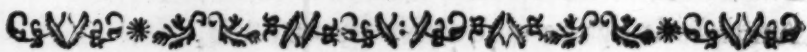
In this retir'd and humble seat,
 Free both from war and strife,
 I am not forc'd to make retreat,
 But chuse to spend my life.



*Sacharissa and Chloe compar'd; or Virtue preferable
 to Beauty.*

GAY Chloe's charms attract the eye,
 And hurry on the soul to love;
 Scarce is she seen when streight we die,
 Or 'midst a thousand fancies rove.
 But Sacharissa's comely form,
 Join'd with the best accomplish'd mind,
 By gently steps our hearts doth warm,
 And softly forces to be kind.
 Chloe, as Phoebus in his noon,
 Shines with a ray severely bright:
 For if we gaze we are undone,
 Nor mortal can endure the sight.
 But as the party-colour'd bow,
 Which rising beauties still improve,
 Fair Sacharissa's virtues show,
 The more we gaze, the more we love.
 Destructive time will soon deface
 These features which are Chloe's boast,
 But Sacharissa's wit and grace
 Can by no force of time be lost.

Tho' years may change, and time decay,
 'The Sun himself grow dim with age,
 But Sacharissa, ever gay,
 Triumphs above their feeble rage.
 For when this mortal frame shall fail,
 Her heavenly soul will upwards move;
 Then too I'll bid this earth farewell,
 And in Elysium meet my love.
 There, 'midst life's fair and blooming shade,
 Our virtuous flame we'll oft repeat,
 Or o'er a cloudy sofa laid,
 Review this earth, our ancient seat.
 In each new scene, as oft below,
 We'll view the great Creator's skill,
 While heav'nly trumpets round us blow,
 And all the place with praises fill.

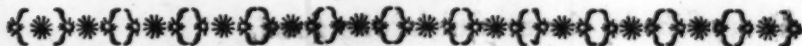


The Hymn of Cleanthes.

O Under various sacred names ador'd!
 Divinity supreme! all-potent LORD!
 Author of Nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative pow'r all things obey!
 Majestic Jove! all hail! to Thee belong
 The suppliant pray'r, and tributary song:
 To Thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
 From Thee we came, from Thee our being drew;
 Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the soul divine.
 Therefore to Thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous pow'r for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandring fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,

Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
Such is the awe impress'd on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound,
Those flaming agents of thy matchless pow'r:
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
'Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which through all convey'd
Informs this gen'ral mass, Thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon æthereal pole, the seat of Gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost.
But Thou, what vice disorders, canst compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As thence to model one harmonious whole,
One universal law of truth and right:
But wretched mortals shun the heav'nly light;
And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not reason's sacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to solid good.
Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various passions move.
Some, thro' opposing crowds and threatening war,
Seek pow'r's bright throne, and fame's triumphal ear.
Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, fordid, and dishonest gain:
While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.

But, O great Father, thunder-ruling God!
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do Thou from ignorance mankind defend!
 The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
 Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That honour'd with a portion of thy light
 We may essay thy goodness to requite
 With honorary songs, and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
 The proper task of man: and sure to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty King
 Is bliss supreme. Let Gods with mortals join!
 The subject may transport a breast divine.



The Ignorance of Man.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain:
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

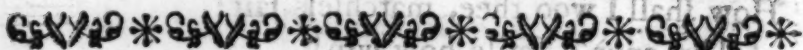
Author of good, to Thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expell,
That fear all fears beside.

And O, by error's force subdu'd
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the species ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
What ill, though ask'd, deny.



*Retirement.*

SHOOK from the Evening's fragrant wings,
 When dew's impearl the grove,
 And round the listening valley rings
 The languid voice of Love;

Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
 Beside a plaintive stream,
 A meek-ey'd youth of serious mien
 Indulg'd this solemn theme.

' Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd
 ' High o'er the darkening dale!
 ' Ye groves! along whose windings wild
 ' Soft steals the murmuring gale;

' Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
 ' By wilder'd Fancy led,
 ' What time the wan moon's yellow rays
 ' Stream through the checquer'd shade:

' To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 ' Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 ' Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms,
 ' To your retreats I fly.

' Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 ' Let me at last recline,
 ' Where Solitude, meek modest power,
 ' Leans on her ivy shrine.

‘ How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
‘ Thy envy’d smile how win!
‘ Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
‘ And stills each storm within!’

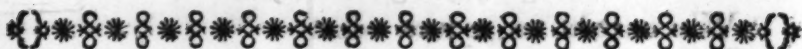
‘ O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
‘ Thine ardent votary bring,
‘ And bless his hours, and bid them move—
‘ Serene on silent wing.

‘ There while to thee glad Nature pours
‘ Her gently-warbling song,
‘ And Zephyr, from the waste of flowers,
‘ Wafts sweet perfumes along;

‘ Let no rude sound invade from far,
‘ No vagrant foot be nigh,
‘ No ray from Grandeur’s gilded car
‘ Flash on thy startled eye.

‘ For me, no more the path invites
‘ Ambition loves to tread;
‘ No more I climb life’s panting heights,
‘ By guileful Hope misled:

‘ Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
‘ To Joy’s enlivening lays——
‘ Soon are the glittering moments o’er,
‘ Soon each gay form decays.’



Edwin and Emma.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
 The safe retreat of wealth and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.
 There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.
 The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek;
 Such orient colours smile through heaven,
 When vernal mornings break.
 Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains:
 That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.
 Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.
 Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart,
 A mutual flame was quickly caught:
 Was quickly too reveal'd:
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.
 What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow!

But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.
His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.
The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.
Long had he seen their secret flame;
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.
In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of diff'ring passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.
Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.
Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.
His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.
The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heav'n with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!
She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.
But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin live for me."
Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.
Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in ev'ry sound.
Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale——
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!
Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door——
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more!
I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side——
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shiv'ring sigh'd, and died.

*Elegy.*

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his
downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh:

Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace

That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?
Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;

Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,

And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.
For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!

Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!

Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain, licentious blifs admir'd;

In Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,

And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,

Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!

I chac'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

Nor dropt the chace, till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,

Expencc, and art, and toil, united strove;

To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,

Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.
 Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.
 To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
 Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
 Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
 When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.
 ' Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
 ' See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
 ' I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
 ' I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
 ' Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
 ' When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
 turn?
 ' Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
 ' But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!
 ' Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
 ' That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
 ' For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
 ' And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with
 shame.
 ' The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 ' The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
 ' All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
 ' And talk of truth and innocence alone.

- ‘ If through the garden’s flow’ry tribes I stray,
‘ Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
‘ Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
‘ For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.
‘ Ye flow’rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
‘ Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
‘ The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
‘ Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
‘ Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
‘ And all my fame’s abhorr’d contagion flee;
‘ Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
‘ That bids the morn propitious smile on me.
‘ Thus, for your sake, I shun each human eye;
‘ I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
‘ To die I languish, but I dread to die,
‘ Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
‘ Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
‘ And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
‘ There only, banish’d from the form I love,
‘ My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
‘ Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
‘ Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
‘ Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
‘ That pity gave, what love refus’d to share.
‘ Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
‘ Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
‘ Not such the parent’s board at which I fed!
‘ Not such the precept from his lips I drew!
‘ Haply, when age has silver’d o’er my hair,
‘ Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
‘ Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
‘ And pity, welcome, to my native soil.’
She spoke;—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;

Grateful, she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.
I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!
Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling furies close;
My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!
And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy, floating on her wat'ry bier!

T H E E N D .



